Loves Mistress:

OR THE QUEENS MASQUE.

As it was three times presented before their Majesties, within the space of eight days: In the presence of sundry Forreign Ambassadors.

Publickly acted by the Queens Comedians, at the

PHŒNIX

IN

DRVRY-LANE.

The second Impression, corrected by the Author,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse volent aut delectare.

LONDON:
Printed by *John Raworth*, for *John Crouch*. 1640.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Apuleius } *The Chorus.*
Midas. }
Admetus, *King of Theſſaly.*
Aſtioche, }
Petrea, } *His three Daughters.*
Pſiche, }
Menetius, } *Husbands to* Petrea *and*
Zelotes, } Aſtioche.

Venus.
Cupid.
Pan.
Apollo.
Mercury.
Vulcan.
Pluto.
Proſerpine.
Minos.
Eacus.

Rhadamant.
Charon.
Cerberus.
Zephirus.
Boreas.
Furies.
Four Ciclops.
A Consul.
Amarillis *a ſhe Swain.*
Four Swaines.

To the Right Honorable,

EDVVARD

Earl of *DORSET*, Lord Chamberlain to the *Queens* Most Excellent Majesty, Knight of the Noble Order of the *Garter*, and one of His Majesties Most Honorable Privy Councel.

Right Honorable,

IF having pleased Her Most Excellent Majesty to grace this (although unworthy) Poem so often with Her Royal presence, I was emboldened the rather (though I dare not commend) yet to commit it to your Noble Patronage, neither are Dramma's of this nature, so despicable, as to be held unworthy the countenance of great men, when there is frequent president that the like have been Dedicated to, and entertained by Empe-

rors, and the most Potent Princes of their times. If your Honor shall daign the acceptance of a plain mans love, and observance in this Presentment, as you grace the VVork, so you shall much encourage the Author, who humbly takes his leave of your Lordship, with that borrowed from the excellent Poet *Nemesianus, Engl.*

——*o Dignus senior quem Carmine* Phœbus,
Pan *Calamis, Fidibus,* Linus, *Modulantibus* Orpheus,
Cecinerent.

Thomas Heywood.

To the READER.

Generous Reader,

FOr this Dramatick Poem, I need not much Apologize; It having paſt ſo many Teſts of Approbation, yet for commendable Cuſtoms ſake I follow the tradition of all or moſt Authors, who were never deficient in this kinde of compliment: The Argument is taken from Apuleius, an excellent Moral, if truly underſtood, and may be called a golden Truth, contained in a leaden fable, which though it be not altogether conſpicuous to the vulgar, yet to thoſe of Learning and judgment, no leſs apprehended in the Paraphraſe, than approved in the Original: of which, if the peruſers hereof were all Apuleians, and never a Midas amongſt them, I ſhould make no queſtion: So much for the Subject it ſelf, but for the rare decorements wherewith it apparrell'd it, when it came the ſecond time to the Royal view, (Her Gracious Majeſty then entertaining his Highneſs at Denmark-houſe, upon his Birth-day) I cannot pretermit to give a due Character to that admirable Artiſt, Mr. Inego Jones, Maſter-ſurveyor of the Kings work, &c. Who to every Act, nay almoſt to every Scene, by his excellent Inventions, gave ſuch an extraordinary Luſtre; upon every occaſion changing the ſtage, to the admiration of all the Spectators: that, as I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, it was above my apprehenſion to conceive, ſo to their ſacred Majeſties, and the reſt of the Auditory; It gave ſo general a content, that I preſume they never parted from any object preſented in that kinde, better pleaſed, or more plenally ſatisfied: But theſe I leave to your judgements to gheſſe at; the thing it ſelf I propoſe to your eyes to cenſure, which if you judge favourably as I expreſs it freely, I ſhall ever remain as heretofore:

Studious of your beſt opinions,

Tho. Heywood.

W

The

The *Prologue* to this Play, the first time it was Presented on the Stage; *Cupid* descending in a Cloud, the Speaker.

IT was a Custom 'mongst the *Romanes*, when
State-Ladies they invited, or great men,
As if their doors were all too base, and vile
To entertain them; their large Roofes to untile,
And their unbounded welcome more to crown,
In Artificial Cloudes to let them down;
Their superstitious Love so far extending,
Receiving them as gods from heaven descending.
Although we cannot meet you with like state,
At entring hither at our publike gate,
You are as welcome; 'Tis *Love* bids you so:
And, as their use was, to their ghests to show
Their best, and costliest Jewels (without boast,
So *Cupid* will) what he affecteth most,
His sweet and deerest Mistris; or if ought
Were more in valuation, or in thought,
That you should see: She is both fresh and new,
Then bid her but as welcome, as I, you.

Her *Majesty* inviting the *King* to *Denmark House*, in the *Strand*, upon His Birth-day, being *November* the 19: This Play (bearing from that time) the Title of the *Queens Masque*, was again presented before Him: *Cupid* speaking the Prologue.

WHo's so un-read, do'h not of *Plato* hear,
His *Annus Magnus*, or this *Vertent* year;
In which the Stars and Planets, Moon, and Sun,
Tyr'd with continual labour, having run

So

So many Ages long peregrination,
And returnes fresh and new to It's first station.
This is that yeir sure; rather this the day,
Able to charge *November* into *May*:
This day's in heaven a *Jubyles* of *Joy*,
Where *Angels* sing in quires, *Vive la Roy*.
This is the Royal Birth-day of a King,
Then men with Angels *Io pæan* sing.
I had almost lost my self, when my intent
Was to tell why I come, and from whom sent:
From One, to whom I'm but a shadow, She
The very soul of *Amabilitee*,
One, that without my quiver and my bow,
Commands the hearts and eyes, of high and low,
Whose Name (Inscribed here) did you but behold,
'Twould change the sooty Ink, to liquid Gold
Of fulgent beauty; but so pure a mind,
As if tinctur'd from Heaven, and so devin'd.
I *Love*, from *Love* am sent, but *She* the right:
Then grace (Great King) the Triumphs, of *Loves* night.

The *Epilogue*, spoken by *Cupid*, pointing to the several Planneets.

NOw Royal Princes, let me turn to you,
Daign from *Loves* mouth, to take this nights adieu:
Think all these Planneets that on earth here move,
(Shadows of those Cœlestial ones above)
Breath on you their best Influences; *Vulcan* he,
Shall henceforth take charge of your Armory.
Juno the Marriage Queen, shall bless your bed:
The *Sun* shall take the bright beames from his head,
To increase your glories future: and the *Moon*,
Attend on you, to make your Mid-night noon:
And *Mercury* shall roam from shore to shore
Upon your errands, proove your happy ranger,

Home-

Home-bred to spie and foresee forraign danger:
Venus with sweets, and I with *Jove* will charm you;
And after all these, *Jove* with Power shall arm you.
I have kept you waking long, good night, 'tis late,
And many Birth-days may you Celebrate.

The *Prologue* to the King and Queen, the Second time it was Acted, the same Week;

Spoken by *Cupid*.

YEs; sure 'twas here; where some few hours I past,
The very time that I descended last:
I, here it was, I know it by one face,
To which my Mistris *Psiche* must give place.
A presence; that from *Venus* takes all power,
And makes each place she comes in, *Cupids* bower.
Though in their several spheres, each Planet ride,
(With all the gods) to feast me and my bride,
With *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, yet, that waste
Of godly fare could not my pallat taste:
But I must all Celestial sweet forbear,
To re-view earthly *Jove*, and *Juno* here,
Whom having seen; Hail to you once again;
Long as the spheres continue, may you Reign
In Majesty, in power, in issue blest,
Be all these with your fortunate yeers increast;
Till *Cupid* (ever young) with *Time* grow old,
And you, this Iron Age, changing to gold
(Re-pur'd by your two vertues) These etherial,
May change to brighter Chaires in th'Heavens Imperial.

LOVES

ACT. 1. SCEN. 1

Enter Apuleius, with a pair of asse eares in his hand.

HOw art thou *Apuleius* retransform'd? or else how cam'st thou metamorphis'd first into an Asse? Why to so dull a beast, of slow, and so obtuse a memory? I had a brain aim'd at inscrutable things, beyond the Moon; what was sublunary, me thought was for my study all too mean: therefore, I therefore was I thus transhap'd, that knowing man who keeps not in his bounds, but pries into heavens hidden Mysteries. Further than leave, his dulnes is increast,
Ceaseth to be a man, and so turns beast:

And thus I fell, yet by the self same power, that calls all humane wisdom v foolishnes, am once more to my pristine shape restor'd;
Onely to show how vain my ambitions were,
This follies crest I still about me bear:

I fain would know the way to *Helicon*,
Can none here tell me? Will none silence breake?
It seems these fit to hear then, not to speak,

Enter Midas.

Here's one I hope can tell me: Reverend Father, how lies my journey to the *Muses* hill? *Mi.* Follow thy nose.

Ap. Thou most unreverend groom, (I hope my Asses shape is quite shook off) why in this churlish manner speak'st thou then?

Mi. The *Muses*? hang the *Muses*. *Ap.* Can'st thou conduct My wandring steps to *Aganippes* spring?
To the *Muses* Temple I am travelling

And must to them perform a sacrifice. *Mi.* An Asse head of thy own, thou must perform. *Ap.* If men be grown thus savage; oh you powers, Remetamorphise me into an asse; 'tis less inglorious. and less grief to live a beast amongst wilde beasts, then to see man bruite-like to blemish his creation.

Mi. I tell thee once again, I know no *Muses*; no *Muses* hill,

no *Agrippa* spring, and which is more, I care for no such toyes.

Ap. And which is worst, none wise will care for thee;
Oh grief, that silver hairs should crown his head,
By whom the *Muses* are dishonoured!
Say Idol, what's thy name? *Mi.* What's that to thee? yet was I sometime King of *Phrigia*, to whom god *Bacchus* was beholding once; and therefore bad me ask what I would have, I should be granted; instantly I begg'd that whatsoere I touch'd might turn to Gold; at first it pleas'd me: when I sate to eat, I touch'd the Table, and it straighe was gold, the trenchers gold: I call'd for earthen vessels, which by my touch were alcumis'd to gold, all which I hugg'd; but when I came to carve, even as the dishes, so the meat was gold, the liquid wine, but touch'd, was straighe congeal'd:
And had not *Bacchus* freed me from my wish,
Amidst my gold I had been starv'd ere this.

Ap. Dull covetous fool. *Mi.* The shame of this made me resigne my state, and where before I was a King of men, to flie the harshnes of fools bitter jeasts, I am this woull crown; and am King of beasts, and my name's *Midas*.

Ap. Then oh King of beasts,
Be this thy curse; when thy base life's out-worn,
No sacred Poet name thee but in scorn.
But wilt thou sit with silence? *Mi.* Thou prat'st and babblest, what would'st thou have me do? *Ap.* Seest thou this sphear spangled with all these stars, all these Love-acts? now shall they part from hence with unfeasted cares: my purpose was to expose them to the shapes of all these asses,
With whom my lost soul wandred in a mist,
Knowing of them thou art not counted least.
But first I'le shew a story of mine own of *Cupide* and *Psiche*, sit and see't; I'll make thee then ingeniously confess thy treason 'gainst the *Muses* Majesty;
Withal, not only whatsoever's mine,
But all true Poets raptures are divine.

Mi. Thou hast prevail'd with me, by *Pan* I'll stay;
But take heed Poet that your rimes be sound,
Else with thine own asse ears thou shalt be crown'd.

Ap We two contend; Art here, there Ignorance:
Be you the Jugdes, we invite you all
Unto this banquet Accademicall. *Exeunt.*

Recorders. Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis, Astioche, Petrea, Psiche

Ad. You Peers and Daughters to th' *Arcadian* King, we have past the great'st part of our Pilgrimage; listen, oh listen, for those sounds that guild the airs light wings, fanning through all our ears immortal tunes, tell us we are arived at sacred *Delphos*; see the burnish'd Spires advance themselves to welcome our approach: the Temple gates stand ope, and that great Deity, whose tongue speaks nothing less than Oracle, attended by his *Sibels*, daines to appear. *Enter Apollo.*

Mene. Oh teach our knees with a most reverent touch, to kiss this hallowed earth. *Zelo.* Ladies kneel down. *Astio.* And sir relate to fair *Latonaes* Son, why this religious voyage was attempted. *Ad.* Daughters I shall:
Sacred *Apollo*, god of Archery,
Of Arts, of Physick, and of Poetry:
Joves bright hair'd Son, whose yellow tresses shine
Like curled flames, hurling a most divine
And dazling splendor on these lesser fires,
Which from thy guilt beams, when thy Carre retires,
Kindle those tapers that lend eyes to night
Oh thou that art the Landlord of all light:
Bridegroom to morning, dales eternal King,
To whom Nine *Muses* in a sacred ring,
In dances spherical, trip hand in hand,
Whilst thy well-stringed Harp their feet commend:
Great *Delphian* Priest, we to adore thy name
Have burnt fat thighs of Bulls in hallowed flame,
Whose savor wrapt in clouds of smoke and fire,
To thy Star-spangled pallace durst aspire;
Tell us who shall untie the Virgin Zone
Of the white-handed *Psiche*, she alone
Of three most fair, is most unfortunate.
All love, but none her love will celebrate
With nuptial rights; what must of her betide,

Dread *Phebus* tell, to whom shall she be bride.

Ap. Cloath *Psiche* in a mourning weed, then lead and leave her on a hill, when *Venus* Doves their young ones feed, her husband not of humane race; but one, whose flaming sight doth kill, and yet wants eyes: his serpents face if she behold, she must see hell, and yet by some notorious deed, obtain a Patent from that place never to die: *Psiche* farewel, Much joy'd, much griev'd, unclasp that spell. *Ex. Apollo.*

Ad. Much griev'd, and yet much joy'd, poor girle, I fear
The scale of grief will weigh down that of cheer

Mene She must see hell, and yet she nere shall die;
True, for hels torments live eternally.

Asi. But father, no tongue shall her joyes express.

Petro. Phebus, thy words leave us all comfortless.

Ps. I must espouse a serpent, that's my hell.

Zelo. But since you never shall behold his face,
Your torments cannot be too horrible.

Mene. Is't possible, by deeds impossible
To attain the Crown of immortality?
It cannot be: Thus mocking *Phebus* leave us,
Alwayes in clouds of darkness to deceive us.

Ad. Stay thy prophane tongue, lest deserved wrath, strick thee with death from his revengeful sphear:
Thou must be cloath'd in mourning, so thou art,
A mourning habite, and a thought-sick heart:
Thou must be left alone on *Venus* hill:
The destinies decree, we must fulfil:
Thy husband must want sight, and yet have eyes
That flame, and kill; oh leave these mysteries,
Until the gods reveal them, come, let's hence:
Changes your *Arcadian* tunes to *Lidian* sounds,
Sad notes are sweetest, where deep woe confounds. *Ex. omnes.*

Recorders. Enter Venus.

Ven. Cupid my Son, where's he? *within.*

Cup. Anon forsooth. *Venus* Ile gather rods of Roses, if you mock me with your anon-forsooth! *within.*

Cup. Anon-forsooth. *Ven* Shall I be thus still vext? still when my blood boyles in the fire of anger, then this ape with purpose frets me.——Boy. *Enter*

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Anon-forsooth. *Ven.* Will *Juno* come, or *Ceres*?

Cup. Juno lay lolling in my Uncles lap. *Ven.* Which Uncle?

Cup. Uncle *Jove*. I laught out-right to see how (wanton-like) with both her arms, she clung about his neck; gave him ten kisses, toy'd with his locks, look'd babies in his eyes, and swore she would not watch him when he went amongst his wenches, if he'd turn away his sawcy page, the smooth-fac'd *Ganimed*; the boy by chance upon her fan had spilt a cop of Nectar, oh how *Juno* swore:

I told my Aunt I'de give her a new fan,
To let *Joves* page be *Cupids* serving-man.

Ven. What's this to *Venus* message, what said *Juno*?

Cup. I ask'd her when she'd come, and in good sooth,
She answered nothing but anon-forsooth.

Ven. And where was *Ceres*, what did she reply?

Cup. Ceres was binding garlands for god *Pan*, of blew-bottles, and yellow pissabeds that grew amongst the Wheat, with which she crown'd his forked brows, and woed him with his horn to rouze the the skipping Satyrs, to hunt a herd of swine that rooted up her corn:

I ask'd her when she'd come, and in good sooth,
She sent me packing with anon-forsooth.

Ven. I sent for *Pan*, and for *Apollo* too, what news from them?

Cup. They said they would be here immediately.

Enter Pan and Apollo.

Apo. Why in such haste hath *Venus* sent for us? *Ven.* I sent for *Juno*, and for *Ceres* too, but they'l not come.

Pan. Well, what's the news with you? *Ven.* Have you not heard how *Venus* is contemn'd? her temples gaz'd at, but not troad upon, her stately hangings, and her pillowes torne:

Those rosie garlands that her statues crown'd
Are wither'd, or else trampled on the ground,
Those troops that flock'd to *Paphos* to adore me,
Shun *Paphos* now, and scornfully abhore me.

Pan. That's strange, for all are up to th'ears in love, Boyes without beards get boyes, and Girles bear girles, fine little rattle-babies, scarce thus high,
Are now call'd wives; If long this hot world stand, we

We shall have all the earth turn *Pygmy-land*.

Ven. All honour Love, but none adore Loves Queen:

Apol. The injury is great, but from whence springs it?

Ven. From *Psiche* daughter to the *Arcadian* King,
They call me Queen of Love, will know no other,
And swear my son shall kneel and call her mother.

Cup. But *Cupid* swears to make the jacks for sworn.

Apol. Will *Cithara* swallow this disgrace?

Pan. What shall I do in this? *Ven.* Lend me your aids.
if you meet *Psiche*, charge young *Mercury* to send me to her, or imprison her till you have sent me word. *Apol.* If this be all, *Venus* shall have her wish. *Pan.* Pan by this upright horns and beard doth swear to hunt out *Psiche*; but if I do this, what will sweet *Venus* give me? *Ven.* A sweet kiss; and *Phebus* shall have one, *Cupid* another; upon condition they will right these wrongs which *Psiche* in her great pride throws on me; draw from thy quiver a dull leaden shaft, and sticke it through her bosome to the heart.

Make her in love, but let her proud eyes doat on some ill shapen drudge, some ugly fool, do this Ile weave for thee a Coronet of Roses, mixt with Berenices hair,; and give thee my best Chariot, and my Doves, to hunt with on the earth; or in the air; wilt thou do this my boy? *Cup.* I will for-sooth. *Ven.* Nay do not mock me, wilt thou? *Cup.* Yes indeed, indeed I will for-sooth. *Ven.* Sweet lad adieu then: *Apollo Pan*, revenge poor *Venus* wrongs,
Whilst I unyoke my silver coloured team,
To wanton on the bosome of yon stream. *Exit.*

Apol. Now she hath call'd me down unto the earth, Ile try what pastimes dwell amongst the swains. *Exit.*

Pan. And with my Satires I will have some sport here in the *Arcadian* valleys. *Exit.*

Cup. Shall *Psiches* beautious eyes gaze on base love? no, let my Mother storm, and chase and lowre, she shall be none but *Cupids* Paramour. *Enter Zephirus.*

Ho *Zephirus*,—how now thou puffing slave,
Art thou grown proud, thou swell'st so? Gentle winde,
Clap on thy smoothest feathers, sleekest wings,
And mount thee to the top of yonder rocke, there shalt thou
finde

finde anon a forlorn maid, convey her gently down unto the vail that borders on my bowe: see this perform'd, and a will cloathe thee in a grass-green Robe, spotted with Dasies, Pincks, and Marigolds; I'le play the thief in *Flora's* treasury, to make all eyes in love with *Zephirus*;
Fly hence, do this, and henceforth be thou King
Of all the Windes, and father of the Spring. *Exeunt*

Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis, Astioche, Petrea, Psiche.

Ad. Behold the foot of that unhappy Rock, upon whose frozen top, by *Phebus* doom, thou must abide thy most sinister hap.

Astio. Dear sister *Psiche.* *Psi.* Peace *Astioche:*

Petrea. Father: you should all have mourn'd, when the mad spirits of the multitude kneel'd down, and call'd me *Venus*; then have wept, when *Cithareas* Altars were left bare, and I was call'd a goddess; when these tears, whose reeking makes my Funeral lights burn dim, might have quench'd *Venus* wrath: but leave me now to fight with death, or meet worse misery.

Mene. But lurks that serpent in that fatal rock? *Pet.* So said *Apollo.* *Zelo.* Then *Menetius*, we will conduct fair *Psiche* to the cave, and rip the monsters entrails with our swords.

Psi. Forbear all force, I will ascend alone; *Phebus* will be displeas'd: Alone said he, distressed *Psiche* shall climb up yon hill. *Ad.* The way is dangerous, thou wilt loose thy self without a guide. *Psi.* Death must my conduct be, see where the pale hagg stands; vain world adieu, I am his bride, he waits for none of you. *She climbs up the Rock.*

Ad. What pains the poor Girl takes, see how she strives
Against the swelling bosom of the hill.

Mene. See the kinde brambles, as enamor'd of her,
Circle her beauty in her catching arms,
Wooing her to come back; as who should say,
Thou runst too fast to death, sweet *Psiche* stay:

Ad. But all in vain, she now hath climb'd the Rock,
And wafts her hand, do you the like to her,
Whose timeless death prepares my Sepulchre.

Petrea. Sister with courage meet thy destiny,
To morrow, if thou liv'st, wee'l visit thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cupid and Zephirus.

Cup. Fly *Zephirus*, on top of yonder mount
My fair Love lies; on thy soft swelling wings
Let *Psiche* ride——— you voyces that attend me, *Ex. Zep.*
Dance in the air like wantons, to entice
My Love to dwell in *Cupids* Paradice:
Musick with ravishing tones inchant her ears;
A banquet there: She that doth *Cupid* wed,
Thus shall she live, and thus be honoured. *Exit*

Enter Zephirus, and takes Psiche from the Rock, and Exit with her in his arms. A Banquet brought in.

Enter Zephirus with Psiche, and places her at the Banquet, and Exit.

Psi. Where am I now? For through the cheerful air hither I have been brought, on unseen wings; What wondrous place is this? No serpent sure lurks in this pleasant bower: my ear drinks sounds of heaven-tun'd Instruments; I see no creature, and yet me thought soft fingers set me down, and I am forc'd by sweet compulsion, to be the onely guest of this fair board, which empty, is as soon new furnished: I fain would touch these sweets, but fear to taste them. *Echo.* Taste them. 2 Taste them. 3 Taste them.

A Banquet first plain, and presently set out with all delicates

Psi. What voice is that? I dare no longer sit.

Eccho. Sit. 2 Sit. 3 Sit.

Psi. Who mocks me? Are you devils, or are you gods?

Eccho. Gods. 2 Gods. 3 Gods.

Psi. The gods will do no harm.

Eccho. No harm. 2 No harm. 3 No harm.

Psi. Psiche be bold, and taste this heavenly food.

Eccho. Ha, ha, ha. 2 Ha, ha, ha. 3 Ha, ha, ha.

Psi. These are no *Eechoes*, for they shift their place, nor catch they my last words as *Eechoes* do; for when I would have fed, they mock'd my pride, they laugh'st at my presumption: No, they are Fury-Elves, and will torment me.

Enter Zephirus with drink.

If thus I talk to them,——— Who fills this wine, and tempts my eye with it? as who should say, Drink *Psiche*.

Eccho.

Eccho. Drink *Psiche.* 2 Drink *Psiche.* 3 Drink *Psiche.*

Psi. Ile taste no drop of this inchanted wine: Fain from this Magick circle would I rise, yet dare not; oh let *Psiche* see your eyes, or rid me hence, and let my fears in peace.

Eccho. Peace. 2 Peace. 3 Peace.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. How lovely is my *Psiche!* earth's too base
To be possest of her Celestial Form:
My mother hates her; for the gods I fear
Would banish her from earth, my Love being there;
And therefore shall she live in *Cupids* Bower,
For she deserves to be Loves Paramour:
Oh how my fair eyes wound me; by this kiss, and this white hand.

Psi. Oh me! what voice is this I feel? besides soft fingers, and a Ring. *Cup.* Long white fingers, soft white hand, Ring and all at thy command.

Psi. Is this my husband then? *Cup.* Ho *Zephirus*, remove hence those Ambrosian dishes straight.

Zephirus takes off the Banquet.

Psi. My father much mistook the Oracle;
To this sweet voice, could I enjoy the sight,
I should my self then stile *Queen* of Delight.

Cup. Pleasure shall be thy Lackey; wilt thou hunt,
Then in an ayery Chariot, drawn by birds,
On the windes downy back my Love shall ride;
Mild *Zephirus* shall be thy Waggoner; who if the heat offend, his silver wings shall fan cool air upon thee, yet my Love, if thou commit'st one sin, thou art not mine.

Psi. Name it, and I'le avoid it for your sake.

Cu. Thy mourning sisters shortly will return, and seek thee on the rock from whence thou cam'st,
But shun their sight and speech; *Psiche* do this,
Thou rob'st me else of love, thy self of bliss.

Psi. Not speak nor see my sisters; oh what pleasure can *Psiche* take, lock't in a golden Jayl?

Cup. Run not unto thy ruine gentle love;
Yet if thou needs wilt see and speak with them,
Command thy servant *Zephirus* to bring them

From top of yonder Rock into this vail;
But if they make inquiry who I am,
Fill both their laps with gold, and send them gone,
Besides I woe thee by this nupsial kiss, do not perswade me to discloſe my ſhape,
Attempting that, thou looſeſt this high ſtate;
I then muſt leave thee; thou live deſolate.

Pſi. In all theſe things, I will obey my love.

Cup. Then *Pſiche*, in thine unſeen husbands hand,
Claſpe thy white fingers; I le now crown thy bed
With the ſweet ſpoiles of thy loſt Maiden head. *Exeunt.*

Enter Apuleius and Midas.

Mi. Hand off, let go my sheep-hook, I'le not ſtay,
I'le hang my ſelf, e're I'le ſee out thy Play:
Call you this Poetry? *Ap.* If this diſpleaſe thee *Midas*, then I'le ſhew thee e're I proceed with *Cupid* and his love, what kinds of people I commerſt withal in my tranſhape.

Mi. That's when thou wert an Aſs. *Ap.* The very ſame.

Mi. Yes, that I fain would ſee.

Ap. Sit then and view thine own infirmity.

A dance. Enter a proud aſs with ears.

Mi. What fellow's that?

Ap. A ſelf-will'd inſolent fool, who ſpights at thoſe above him, and thoſe beneath deſpiſeth, and his equals jets upon; rich in his own conceit, in judgement poor,
Still carping, tho' a coxcomb, and may paſs,
As theſe days go, for a proud arogant Aſs.

Dance. Enter a Prodigal Aſs.

Mid I, this I like; What fellowes that?

Ad. A fellow he, who riots that, which moſt penuriouſly his father hoorded, in drabs, drink and play, wearing fantaſtick habits, and gay clothes,
Till he hath quite exhauſted all his gold,
And for a prodigal Aſs may be inroul'd.

Dance. Enter a Drunken Aſs.

Mi. This gives me good content——what's he?

Ap. A pot-companion, brother to the glaſs,
That roars in's cups, indeed a drunken Aſs.

Dance.

Dance. Enter an Usurer.

Mi. He looks like a good fellow——Now that gray beard?

Ap. One that doth pinch his belly in his life, and starve his own guts to make others feed;
Patcheth his own clothes to make others proud,
And for a coveteous Ass may be allow'd.

Dance. A young Gentlewoman.

Mi. But so did never *Midas*——Now, that Minks.

Ap. Her mothers darling she, born to good means; in love with all she sees, yet truly, none; who then great Heires are proffered, trifles them;
And in the end, when with none else she can,
She marries with her fathers Serving-man:
And that is a right she-Ass.

Dance. An ignorant Ass.

Mi. What Reverend person's that of all the other? I like him best. *Ap.* That *Midas*, is thy brother, a piece of moving earth, illiterate, dull; who having in himself naught commendable, envies what's good in others; and yet dare in his own impudence, with arts compare:
A block, a stone, yet learning he'l revile,
And a dull ignorant Ass we will him stile.

Mi. But where's your Poet Ass amongst all these?

Ap. There's no such creature. *Dance and Exit.*

Mi. Then what call'st thou those that let not mendie quiet in their graves, but haunt their Ghosts with ballats and bal'd times? Do they not teach the very fiends in hell speak in blank verse; do we not daily see every dull-witted Ass spit Poetry? And for thy Scene, thou bring'st here on the Stage, a young green-sickness baggage to run after a little ape-fac'd boy thou tearm'st a god; Is not this most absurd? *Ap.* Mis-understanding fool, thus much conceive, *Psiche* is *Anima*, *Psiche* is the Soul, the soul a Virgin, longs to be a bride, the soul's Immortal, whom then can she wooe but Heaven? Whom wed, but Immortality;
Oh blame not *Psiche* then, if mad with rage,
She longs for this so divine marriage.

Mid. But tell me then, why should *Apollo* say, all love her, and yet none will marry her.

Ap. All love fair *Psiche*; all cast amorous eyes on the soules beauty, but who is't will wed her?
None with the soul will lead so strict a life,
As heaven enjoynes with such a blessed wife.

Mi. Thou promp'st my understanding pretty well; but why should *Venus* been Queen of Love, wish her Son *Cupid* to enamour her on some base groom mis-shapen, and deform'd?

Ap. By *Venus* here, is meant untemperate lust: lust wooes her Son *Desire*, to inflame the soul with some base groom, that's to some ugly sin; *Desire* is good and ill; the evil sweares to obey his mother *Venus*, and vex *Psiche*: but *Cupid* representing true desire doats on the souls sweet beauty, sends his servant *Zephirus*; In whom, Celestial pleasure is meant.
To entice his Love, the Soul to his chaste bed,
Giving her heaven for her lost maiden-head.

Mi. Onely one Riddle more, and I have done; why did the poor girle *Psiche* take such pain? What scrambling shift she made to climb the mountain, and crawl throughbrakes and briers to get a husband.

Ap. This shewes how many strong adversities, Crosses pricks, thornes and stings of conscience, would throw the ambitious soul affecting heaven, into dispair and fainting diffidences,
Which *Psiche* must pass through; the soul must fly
Through thousand lets, to seek eternity (man,

Mi. Thou hast made this somewhat plain. *Ap.* Kinde Gentle-
Wink at our strife, you may in pardoning this.
Count this our talk a meer Paremesis. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Psiche, Astioche, and Petrea.

Psi. WElcome dear sisters; with the breath of Love, poor *Psiche* gives kind welcome to you both: oh tell me then by what auspicious guide, you came conducted to this sacred place? *Asti.* Sister you shall: when many a weary step had brought unto the top of yonder Rock, mild *Ziphirus* embrac'd us in his armes, and in a cloud of rich and strong perfume,

 brought's

brought's unto the skirts of this green mead.

Pſi. And happily ariv'd: Nature and Art have ſtrove to make this dale their treaſury; windes fly on *Pſiches* errand; ſhapes unſeen are my attendants, and to make me ſport, will dance like nimble Ecchoes in the air, and mock me.

Eccho. Mock me. 2. Mock me. 3. Mock me.

Pſi. Sitters, how like you this?

Ec. This, ha, ha, ha. 2. This, ha, ha, ha. 3. This, ha, ha, ha,

Petr. They mock us, will they do no harm to us?

Pſi. Oh no.

Eccho. No. 2. No. 3. No.

Pſi. Babblers, be ſilent.

Eccho. Silent. 2. Silent. 3. Silent.

Pſi. Or elſe I'le puniſh you; and let me hear ſome Muſick — Loud——And ſtill.

Loud Muſick, and ſtill Muſick.

Tell me, how like you this? *Aſt.* It flies the reach of Admiration. *Petr.* But let us ſee the ſhapes of them that play, what are they, ſpeak? Or what's your husbands name?
Let's know our brother, that we may relate
To th' King our father your high honour'd ſtate.

Pſi. My husband, ſiſter, is now rid from home.

Aſt. Why, ſay he be, I hope you know his name; we'l ranſack all the Palace but we'l finde him: is your ſweet-heart ſo proud, he'l not be ſeen? *Petr.* Where is he *Pſiche*?

Pſi. Truſt me, he's from home. *Aſt.* Let's ſee his Picture then? *Pſi.* 'Las I have none. *Petr.* Deſcribe his perſon.

Pſi. I muſt ſhift them hence, my tongue will elſe breed my confuſion. *Aſt.* Nay ſiſter, when? *Petr.* When ſiſter will it be? *Pſi.* How ſhould I give him ſhape I never ſaw? He's a fair lovely youth, upon each cheek, ſmiles ſit in cheerful dimples; on his brow ſits Love and Majeſty in glorious pride; his eyes ſuch beauty in their circles hold, that walking in the night, I have thought them Stars; long flaxen curled treſſes crown his head. Come, come, you ſhall not be enamored on my fair husband; this for all juſtice, he's young and rich.

Aſti. Oh how my blood doth riſe, in envy of her high falſhood; ſpeak, what's his name?

Pſi.

Psi. Home, home; more musick there, I must to rest:
Recorders. Enter Zephirus with bags.
Ho *Zephirus*, come forth, and bring me brim full bags of gold:
Hold up your laps, tho' them you cannot see
That bring this gold, this larges take from me;
Adieu, adieu: my duty to the King,
I needs must stop mine eares when Syrens sing.

Petr. Astioche. *Asti. Petrea*, oh, I am mad to note her pride; her husband is no serpent as 'twas said, and false *Apollo* sung; he is some god, and this his Temple, for no mortal hand hath laid these Christial pavements, cloath'd these meads in never-fading liveries of green: *Flora* you see cloathes all the ground with flowers, *Flora* is *Psiches* hand-maid; *Zephirus* is but her foot-boy, lackeys at her beck.

Petr. Yet she's our sister, and it doth me good ——
To see rich worth in any of our blood.

Asti. Thou art a fool *Petrea*, for I hate
That any's fortune should transcend my state;
She sends us hence in scorn, but we'l return,
And never cease, till by some treachery,
Her pride we make a slave to misery. *Exeunt.*

Enter Admetus, Menetius, and Zelotis.

Menet. Patience great sir, you have not lost them all, doubtless the two last live. *Zelo.* Sir, though they be your daughters, th'are our wives, and we are in no such despair of them.

Ad. Admit you were one for *Astioche*, and that another for *Petrea* wept.
You two, but for two wives shed husbands teares;
For you and them, I sorrow all: your feares
Divided betwixt you; on me alone,
Lies like a mountain, and thus casteth down
Admetus wretched body, with his crown;
They followed *Psiche* and her destiny,
Hath given them death, us living misery.

Enter Evemore.

Eve. Rise Royal sir, your Daughters are return'd.

Ad. Oh where, which way; are my two daughters come?

Eve. Yes sir, and both their laps are fill'd with gold.

Enter.

Enter Astioche and Petrea.

Ad. Welcome to both in one; oh can you tell what fate your sister hath? *Both. Psiche* is well.

Ad. So among mortals it is often sed,
Children and friends are well, when they are dead.

Astio. But *Psiche* lives, and on her breath attends delights that far surmount all earthly joy:
Musicke, sweet voyces, and Ambrosian fare,
Windes, and the light-wing'd creatures of the ayre:
Cleer channell'd Rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when *Psiche* wantons on their streams,
When *Psiche* on their rich Imbroidery treads,
When *Psiche* guilds their Christal with her beams:
We have but seen our sister, and behold
She sends us with our laps full brimm'd with gold.

Adm. Oh, you amaze me Daughters. *Petr.* Let joy banish amazement from your kingly thoughts, *Psiche* is wedded to some Deity, and prayes withal our quick return again.

Ad. We grant it; we with you and these, will go
To *Psiches* bowre; desire inflames my minde,
To sit on the bright wings of that blest winde.

Astio. Oh but the god that governs *Psiches* thoughts: for sure he is Immortal, charg'd my sister to talk with none but us.

Petr. Yet by the magicke of our tongues we'l try
If we can win you so much liberty.

Ad. Go my *Astioche*, but come again
To comfort him that must thy want complain;
Go with my love *Petrea*, but return
With winged speed, whilst we your absence mourn:
Go with my blessings, blest those sisters be,
That live like you in bonds of unity:
Give *Psiche* this, give her this thou *Petrea*, *Kisseth them.*
Tell her she is my self, my souls *Idea*.
And say, whilst she is spotless, lovely white,
She shall be my sole comfort, my delight:
So part with my best wishes. *Exeunt*

Enter Clown, with three or four Swains.

Clo. And what might you call that young gentleman, that rules

rules and raigns, revels and roars in these walks of *Arcadia*, that makes you borrow sheeps eyes from your flockes, and leaves you no more brains in your heads than in your sheep hooks? what might you call that gallant?

1 *Swa.* Whom do you mean, him whom god *Pan* so honours, the Fawnes fear, and the Satyrs shake to see? *Clo. Ille ipse*, the same; I desire no more than this sheep hook in my hand to encounter with that swash buckler. 2 *Swa.* It is the god of Love, they call him *Cupid*. *Clow. Cupid* coxcombe: your Satyrs are all sots, your Fawnes fools, and your Pan a pitiful poor fellow; had I their horns (as I know not what I may have in time) I would so gore him; and what weapons doth he use?

3 *Swa.* They say Bow and Arrowes. *Clo.* Bow and Birdbolts doth he not; and how lies he? where's his guard? what's his play? Can any of you all give me his true title?

1 *Swa.* Not I, 'tis far beyond me. *Clo.* Then hearken oh you hoyds, and listen oh you Illiterates, whil'st I give you his stile in Folio: He his King of cares, cogitations, and coxcombes, Vice-roy of vowes and vanities, Prince of passions prate-apaces, and pickled lovers: Duke of disasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes; Marquess of melancholly, and mad folkes, grand Signior of griefs, and groans; Lord of lamentations, Heroe of hic-hoes, Admiral of aymees, and Monsieur of mu-too-lac'd.

2 *Swa.* Here's a stile I shall never be able to get over.

Clo. And who do you think maintains this princox in his *Pontificalibus*? 3 *Swa.* Nay, it exceeds my capacity.

Clo. A company of pitiful fellows call'd Poets; did you never hear of one *Homer*, and of the Tale of *Troy*, and of a ten years siege, and many such trifles. 2 *Swa.* Yes, and many things concerning them. *Clow.* But hear me, oh you miss of misunderstanding; this *Troy* was a Village of some twenty houses, and *Priam*, as silly a fellow as I am, onely loving to play the good fellow, he had a great many bowsing lads, whom he called sons.

3 *Swa.* As we have here in *Arcadia*.

Clow. Just the same; by this *Troy* ranne a small Brook, that one might stride over, on the other side dwelt *Menelaus*, a Farmer, who had a light wench to his wife call'd *Hellen*, that kept his sheep, whom *Paris*, one of *Priams* mad lads, seeing and liking,

king, tieth over the brook, and lies with her in despight of her husbands teeth: for which wrong, he sends for one *Agamemnon* his brother, that was then high Constable of the hundred, and complains to him: he sends to one *Ulisses*, a fair spoken fellow, and Town-clarke, and to divers others, amongst whom was one stout fellow called *Ajax*, a Butcher, who upon a Holy-day brings a pair of cudgels, and layes them down in the midst, where the two Hundreds were then met, which *Hector* a Baker, another bold lad of the other side seeing, steps forth, and takes them up; these two had a bout or two for a broken pate: And here was all the circumstance of the *Trojan* Wars.

1 *Swa.* To see what these Poets can do.

Clow. But listen to them and they will fill your heads with a thousand fooleries; observe one thing, there's none of you all sooner in love, but he is troubled with their itch; for he will be in his Amorets, and his Canzonets, his Pastorals, and his Madrigals, to his Phillis, and his Amorillis.

1 *Swa.* Oh beautious Amorillis. *Clow.* And what's Amorillis think'st thou? 1 *Swa.* A fair and lovely creature?

Clow. Ile shew thee the contrary by her own name, *Amor* is love, *illis* is ill, is ill, cannot be good; *Ergo Amorillis* is starke naught: let one or two examples serve for more, there's one of our fairest Nimphes called *Susanna*; what is *Susanna*, but *Sus*, and *anna*, which is in plain *Arcadia*, *Nan* is a Sow.

2 *Swa.* Well, you have taught us more than ever I understood before, concerning Poetry.

Clow. Come to me but one hour in a morning, and Ile read deeper Philosophy to you; good morrow Neighbours, Poets, quoth a; What's *Titule tu patule*, but Titles and Pages; What's *Propria que maribus*, but a proper man loves Mary-bons, *Feminino generi tribuunter*, but the Feminine Gender is troublesome, what's *Ovid*, but *quasi*, avoid; how should I be in love, with whom? with *Doll*, what's that but Dole and lamentation, with Jugg, what's she, but sister to a black-pot, or what's Pegg, good for nothing but to drive into poste? no *Cupid*, I defie thee and all thy genealogy.

Enter Cupid.

13 *Cup.* What's he that so prophanes our Deity? and scorns that

 povver

power which all the gods adore; to whom *Jove* sometimes bends, and *Neptune* kneels, *Mars* homageth, and *Phebus* vvill submit, Slie *Mercury* obey, and *Vulcan* bovv too; and all rural gods and goddesses, Saytirs and Nimphs allovv their soveraign: he shall not scape unpunished. *Clow.* If I could but find one of these fantastical Poets, or light upon that little god their Patron, I would so tickle them. *Cup.* This hobinal, this rusticke, this base clown; I find him of a dull and brain-less eye, such as I know a golden-headed shaft will never enter, of a skin so thick, as pointed silver hath no power to pierce: for such gross fools, I have a bolt in store, which though it cannot wound, shall give a blow, to startle all within him. *Shoots.*

Clow. Oh me, hey-hoe.

Cup. Lie there base *Midas* bastard that refuses
All honour'd love, and rail'st against the *Muses*. *Exit.*

Clo. Oh coward, whatsoere thou art, to come behind a man and strike him before, for I saw no body—to shoot, and never give a man warning oh coward; I am paid, I am pepper'd; the case is alter'd, for any one may ghesse by the hugeness of the blow, that I am mightily in love; ay me that any wench were here, whose name is Ayme; now could I be in love with any madge, though she were an Howlet, or with any maid, though she look't like a Malkin; Oh Poetry, I find that I am poyson'd with thee too, for me-thinks I could say my prayers in blanck-verse, nay let me see, I think I could rime for a need:

Cupid I yield since so I know thy will is,
And Ile go seek me out some *Amarillis*. *Exit.*

Enter Psiche *alone*.

Psiche. There's at this time a combat in my soul, whether to trust my well-known sisters better, or my unseen husband, I have asked, demanded, and enquired of all my train, this fairy-train that hourly waits on me, yet none of them will tell me what he is,

Enter Cupid.

Besides, this solitude to be alone, begins to grow most tedious, and my fears do every way distract me. *Cup.* Why how now *Psiche*? *Psi.* Oh let Mercies eyes shine on my fault.

Cup. Are these thy heaven-bound vows? are all thy protestations guilded ayr? hast thou no more regard to my command, or thine own safe ty? *Psi.*

Psi. Dear love pardon me.

Cup. Once more I do, and still must pardon thee,
And thou must still offend, still torture me:
Yet once again Ile try thy constancy: thy sisters are at hand.

Psi. But gentle love, shall I not speak to them?

Cup. Yes, but I woos thee
To send them quickly hence, or they'l undo thee:
They now are at the Rock, bid the cool winde
To please thee, bring them to the place assign'd. *Exit.*

Enter Zephirus *with the two Sisters.*

Psi. Ho *Zephirus*, tell me the cause of your so quick return?

Asti. *Psiche* we come in danger of our lives, to save our sister from ensuing harm. *Psi.* What harm? what danger?

Asti. Danger eminent, once you refused our counsel, and denyed to let us know your husband, or his name. *Petr.* Come let's see him. *Psi.* Oh, what shall I do? *Petr.* Escape the danger you are fain into. *Psi.* You cannot see him. *Asti.* Give us then his shape? *Psi.* His shape, why he's a man whose snowy head bowes on his bosome, through the weight of age. *Asti.* That cannot be; you said he was a youth of comely stature, with long flaxen hair. *Psi* I am entrap'd. *Asti.* Speak, did you ever see your husband? *Psi.* Why do you ask? pray trouble me no more: leave me, and I will fill your laps with gold. *Asti.* Once thy gold tempted us to leave this place, and to betray thy life to misery, it shall not now, did not *Apollo* doom thy fatal marriage to some hideous beast? how just is *Phebus* in his augurics? last night, when we went hence laden with gold,
We spide a serpent gliding on the mead,
Who at the sight of us, writhing his head,
Proudly into the ayr, first hist at heaven, because it did not shade him from our eyes. *Psi.* How did that serpent vanish from your sight?

Asti. In at these gates he rowld. *Psiche* be wise, For tho a while he dally with thy beauty, dulling thy taste with sweets, thy eyes with shews, thy ears with musick, and sweets lullabies, he will in time devour thee.

Psi. Miserable wretch, how shall I flye the fate that follows me? whose help shall I invoke? *Petr.* Tell me the truth, and

we'l devise some means to succour thee.

Psi. You are my sisters, I confess to you, I never saw his face, know not his shape, yet have I touch'd his eyes, and felt his hands. Oft have I kist his cheeks, more oft his lips;
Eyes, hands, lips, cheeks, and face so charm'd my touch,
That I have sworn, save his, there were none such;
yet your strange story makes me to suspect that he's some serpent, for he tels me still, to see his glorious shape, will ruin me; besides be bids me shun your company, else you will breed my sorrow; this is that which troubles me.

Asti. Hear thee my counsel; Instantly provide a kern-edg'd Raysor, and a burning Lamp; at night, when sleep sits on his monstrous eyes, steal from his speckled side, step to your light, and without fear behold his horrid shape, and with the Raysor cut his skaly throat;
And so by death gain life, and he being dead,
Psiche shall to some King be married.

Petr. How doth our sister relish this devise? *Psi.* I do embrace your counsel, and this night Ile put the same in execution,
Come, you have made resolute and bold,
And now receive your laps o're-swell'd with gold. *Exit.*

Asti. Swell in thy pride, until thou break'st thy heart
Yet come, we'l take her larges e're we part. *Exit.*

Enter Midas and Apuleius.

Mi. Poet, no more, I have enough of *Psiche*, her sisters and the serpent, all of them most villanous lies, Ile prove it, and unless to please my self, and keep mine eyes from sleep, thou'lt let me shew thee some of our fine sport, such as we use here in *Arcadia*, I will endure no longer. *Ap.* Well, I am pleas'd.

Mi Ile shew thee in a Dance.

Ap Art sometimes must give way to ignorance.

A DANCE.

Enter Pan, Clown, Swains, and Country-wenches;
They dance, and Exit.

Mi. Was not this sport indeed? *Ap.* My modesty gives thee no reprehension, for I am well pleased with your Pastoral Mirth; but as thou had'st a power over mine eyes, to strike him with patience; so lend me thy attentive ears. *Mi.* First cleer thy absurdities, nay,

nay, gross ones too; her *Psiche* lyes abominably, and saies she has two husbands, the one young, the other old: how canst thou answer this? *Ap.* Though thy vain doubts be most familiar to these Judicious hearers, well experienc'd as well in matters moral as divine; to thee Ile make it plain. *Mi.* I prethee do. *Ap.* Did *Psiche* lye to say she had two loves? how like art thou to *Psiche*, she to thee.

Mi. To me, I scorn her likeness. *Ap.* In this point thou art, for rather than thy sisters shall grow angry, to make earths drossie pleasures stay for thee, thou wilt exclaim with *Psiche*, *Cupids* young; the joyes of heaven are all too young, too little to be believ'd, or look'd at, if that fail, thou with the soul wilt say, my love is old, Divine delights are crooked like old age,
Who will not vow, speak, nay swear any thing,
To have their vain delights serv'd like a King.

Mi. 'Tis pretty, but your Ecchoes pleas'd me best: oh if a man had seen them. *Ap.* With a mortal eye none can, in them is hid this mystery, Cælestial raptures, that to allure the sight, are seen no more then voices being on high, subject unto no weak, and fleshly eye. *Mi.* But why did *Cupid* hide himself from *Psiche*?

Ap. Oh who dares pry into those mysteries, that heaven would have conceal'd, for this she's charg'd not to see *Cupids* face, to shun her sisters. *Mi.* Those gadding girles, what didst thou mean by them?

Ap. The restless sins that travel night and day,
Envying her bliss, the sweet soul to betray.

Mi. Well, by this little I conceive the rest,
I have not greatly if I stay it out,
But if not lik't, Ile either sleep or flout.

Ap. So will not these I hope, before they view
What horrid dangers *Cupids* bride pursue. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Enter Psiche in night-attire, with a Lamp and a Razzor.

Ps. Thou sleek best daughter Night, Mother of Ease, thou gentle Nurse, that with sweet Lullabies, Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'st; thou smooth-cheek't negro night, the

the black-ey'd *Queen*, that rid'st about the world on the soft backs of downy Ravens sleek and sable plumes, and from thy chariot silent darknes flings; in which man, beast, and birds inveloped, takes their repose and rest; *Psiche* intreats thee no jar nor sound betray her bold attempt: *Cupid discovered, sleeping on a bed.*
Soft silken vail that curtains in my doubt,
Give way to these white hands, these jealous eyes,
Sharp knife prepar'd for a red sacrifice;
Bright Lamp conduct me to my love or hate,
Make me this night blest or unfortunate:
Wonderous amazement! what do I behold?
A Bow and *Quiver*, these shafts tip'd with gold,
With silver this, this sluggish arrows head,
Is like my heart, compos'd of lead,
Such weapons *Citharas* Son doth bear,
Psiche were happy if this *Cupid* were;
Malicious sisters, I your envy see,
This is no serpent, but a Deity:
What pretty loves, like silken slumbers lie,
Closing the covers of each Christal eye;
Hence thou prepared instrument of death,
Whilst *Psiche* sucks new life from his sweet breath:
Churle Beauty, beauteous Niggard, thus Ile chide,
Why didst thou from mine eyes this glory hide?
Ah me, thou envious light, what hast thou done?

Cup. Immortal Powers, oh succor *Venus* Son; what hellish hag hath drop't this scalding oyl on Loves Celestial shape?

Ps. 'Twas *Psiches* hand. *Cup.* How darst thou violate my dread command? *Venus* my mother, bid me make thee doat on some base groom; and I left her and heaven, and with mine own dart wounded my own breast; for all these favors, wouldst thou murder me?

Ps. Let my weak sex plead for my great offence.

Cup. No, for thy sake, this plague pursue thy sex; You shall have appetites, and hot desires, which though supply'd, shall nere be satisfied: You shall be still rebellious, like the Sea, and like the windes inconstant; things forbid you most shall covet, loath what you should like;

You

You shall be wise in wishes, but enjoying,
Shall venture Heavens loss for a little toying.
Ho *Zephirus*. *Enter Zephirus.*

Psi. What will my dear Love do?

Cup. Hence, touch me not, Ile be no more thy Love:
Discharge my servants from this fairy vail,
Resign thy Office to the boysterous North,
Bid Famine ride upon his frozen wings,
Till they be blasted with his poisonous breath:
Musick, be turn'd to horror, smiles to tears,
Pleasures to shrieks, felicity to fears.

Psi. Why do you plague the place for my offence?

Cup. Why for thy fathers sake soughtst thou my hate?
But I will be reveng'd on them and thee,
On them for thy sake, and thy self for me.

Psi. For pity hear poor *Psiche*. *Cup.* No, away.

Psi. I have no way but yours; which way you flie,
Ile hang upon your wings, or fall and die.

Cup. Soon shalt thou leave thy hold; run *Zephirus*.
A storm. Enter Boreus.
Fetch *Boreus*——— Art thou come my *Aquilon*?
Boreus, I charge thee by *Orithias* love,
Lay waste and barren this fair flowry grove,
And make this Paradise a den of snakes;
For I will have it uglier then hell,
And none but ghastly scritch-owls here shall dwell;
Breath winters storms upon the blushing cheeks
Of beauteous *Psiche*; with thy boysterous breath,
Rend off her Silks, and clothe her in torn rags;
Hang on her loath'd locks base deformity,
And bear her to her father, leave her there,
Barren of comfort, great with childe of fear;
Psiche fare well, whilst thou with woes art crown'd,
I must go gather helps to cure my wound: *Exit.*

Psi. With woes indeed; those wretches live in woe,
Whom love forsakes, and *Psiche* must do so.
Exeunt with a great storm.

Enter

Enter Clown, Amarillis, and Swains.

Clown. Do you hear the news, you animals?

1 *Swa.* Is it worth the hearing?

Clown. A question well askt, for it is musical news, and therefore worth your ears: *Apollo* being call'd by *Venus* from heaven, hath ever since kept *Admetus* his sheep, with whom *Pan* meeting, they fell into contention, whether his Pipe, or *Apollo's* Harp could yield the better Musick, and which withal could sing the best; come then my sweet *Amarillis*, and take thy place amongst the rest, for this is the day of the trial, and amongst others, I heard my father *Midas* say, that all other business set apart, he would be at it; but there is one mischief late happened.

1 *Swain.* What's that I prethee?

Clown. Pan hath got a cold, is hoarse, and hath lost his voice, and therefore hath chose me to sing in his place; and *Phœbus*, because he will take no advantage, hath pick'd out one of his Pages to do the like for him; therefore come, make a lane, for by this time they are upon their entrance.

1 *Swa.* But is it possible, that *Pans* Pipe dare contend with *Apollo's* Harp? *Clown.* Yes that it is possible, blinde harper, and that my winde-pipe shall prove: Make room, and get you all out of the lists save I, that am to be one of the Combatants.

A Flourish. Enter Apollo, Pan, Admetus, Petrea, Astioche, their two Husbands, and Midas.

Pan. Who shall be Judge? *Apo. Admetus.*

Ad. Sacred *Apollo*, great *Pan* pardon me; it is a cunning much beyond my skill: therefore I humbly crave to be excus'd.

Apol. Admetus, for thy hospitality, *Phœbus* will be thy friend, and give thee leave in this to use thy pleasure.

Pan. What thinkes *Phœbus* of *Midas*, once of men, now King of beasts. *Apol.* No better man, to please him undertake it.

Mi. Yes *Phœbus*, *Midas* will, and though poor *Marsias*,
For striving with thee had his skin pull'd off,
Yet have we Swaines, and some too not farre off,
I could have said, some neer to me in blood, can tickle you for a tone. *Cl.* Meaning me, and I will set out a throat.

Apol. Is this thy Champion? *Pan.* Yes, and who's for thee?

Apo. One of my minutes, hours, days, weeks, or moneths, or years,

years, or seasons, that still wait on us; and have done ever since the first of time; not one can come amiss.

Mi. Who shall begin? *Ad.* Most voices.

All. *Apollo, Apollo.* *Clo.* No matter though his Champion begin, let me alone to come up with the Catastrophie.

All. Silence, silence.

SONG.

Phœbus *unto thee we sing,*
Oh thou great Idalian *King,*
Thou the god of Physick *art,*
Of Poetry, *and* Archery;
We sing unto thee with a heart,
Devoted to thy deity:
All bright glory crown thy head.

Thou Soveraign of all Piety,
Whose golden beames & rayes are shed
As well upon the poor as rich,
For thou alike regardest each;
Phœbus *unto thee we sing,*
Oh thou great Idalian *King,*

I marry this was somewhat to th'purpose; I needs must say 'twas pretty, but god *Pan*, now let us hear your Champion?

Pan. Come, stand forth?

SONG.

Clow. *Thou that art call'd the bright* Hiperion,
Wert thou more strong than Spanish Gerion.
That had three heads upon one man,
Compare not with our great god Pan.

They call thee Son of bright Latona.
But girt thee in thy torrid zona,
Sweat, baste and broyl, as best thou can,
Thou art not like our Dripping Pan.

What cares he for the great god Neptune,
With all the broath that he is kept in;
Vulcan *or* Jove, *he scornes to bow to,*
To Hermes, *or the infernal* Pluto.

Then thou that art the heavens bright eye,
Or burn, or scorch, or boyl, or fry,
Be thou a god, or be thou man,
Thou art not like our frying Pan.

They call thee Phœbus, *god of day,*
Tears, months, weeks, hours, of March and May;
Bring up thy army in the van,
We'l meet thee with our Pudding Pan.

Thy self in thy bright Chariot settle,
With Skiller arm'd, Brass-pot or Kettle
With Jugg, Black-pot, with Glass or Can,
No talking to our Warming Pan.

Thou hast thy beames, thy browes to deck,
Thou hast thy Daphne at thy beck;
Pan *hath his horns,* Sirnix, *and Phillis*
And I Pans *Swain, my* Amarillis.

Ad. You *Midas* have heard both; these onely wait your just and upright sentence. *Mi.* Is *Phabus* pleased? *Ap.* Pleased. *Mi.* And is *Pan* content. *Pan.* Content. *Clow.* Now if my father can but censure as well as I sing, the town's ours. *Mi.* Yes Son, I can, and that most learnedly;

Thy Harp to Pans *Pipe, yeeld god* Phœbus.
For 'tis not now as in Diebus
Illis, Pan all the year we follow,
But semel in anno ridet Apollo,
Thy quirester cannot come neer

Thy voice of this our Chanticleer,
Then leave off these thy burning rayes,
And give to Pan the prick and praise,
Thy colour change, look pale and wan,
In honour of the great god Pan.

All. A sentence, a sentence, a *Pan*, a *Pan*.

Apol. Henceforth be all your rural musick such, made out of Tinkers, Pans, and Kettle-drums; and never henceforth may your fields be grac'd with the sweet musick of *Apollos* lyre: *Midas* for thee, may thy ears longer grow, as shorter still thy judgement, dulness, and dotage, be onely govern'd with those reverend hairs; let all like thee, than as they grow in time, decay in knowledge, have that old mans curse, to be twice children: for thy squeaking son, may all thy state thou leav'st him at thy death, be to sing Ballads through *Arcadia*, and them to the like tunes; farewel *Admetus*, my musick lies unquestion'd, what's amiss is not in us, but in their ignorance;

Thus undisparadg'd, *Phabus* leaves the place,
And with them to succession, my disgrace. *Exit.*

Ad. Phabus is gone displeas'd. *Pan.* Still may he be so.

Mi. Midas I'me sure has judg'd with equity.

A Storm. Enter Pſiche and Boreas.

Clo. But see Father, see god *Pan*, if in revenge, he hath not sent a blustering wind to blow us all hence. 'tis *Boreas*, 'tis *Boreas*.

Pan. Come *Midas*, come Swaines, till this storm be past, let us away to shelter. *Exeunt.*

Pſi. Where art thou *Pſiche*, how art thou deform'd? What air affords thee breath? What men be these? Where shall I hide me? let no humane eye behold me thus disfigured, and asham'd:

My Father, Brothers, and my Sisters too,
That wrought my fall, what shall poor *Pſiche* do?

Ad. What base anatomy of grief is this,
That glads mine ears with sound of *Psiches* name?

Psi. 'Tis her own tongue, the herald of her shame;
Father *Admetus*, Sisters pitty me. *Ad.* Thou art no childe of mine. *Asti.* Spurn her away,
'Tis some infectious strumper, and her breath
Will blast our cheeks; her sight is worse than death.

Psi. I did not use you thus, not spurn you back, when on the nimble wings of *Zephirus*, you were transported into *Cupids* vail; Your entertainment then deserv'd more right,
Then like a dog, thus spurn me from your sight;
Sisters. *Petr.* Out hagg, we scorn thy sisterhood.

Psi. You scorn me too; nay then at last I see, prids will not look on base deformity: Father *Admetus*, pitty wretched *Psiche* *Kneels.*

Ad. Out impudence; if once again thy tongue mangle the reputation of my girl, I'le have it straight torn out, hence with th' Impostor. *Psi.* Us'd like a dog, and by a fathers doom, dragg'd from his presence, how am I transform'd? Ile try my brothers next, upon my knees.

Zal. Depart the place, for me, I know thee not.

Psi. Oh me, how quickly wretches are forgot?

Ale. Wretched, away.

Psi. A way, all cry away,
Baseness and pride in one place cannot stay:
Astioche, kinde sister, for old love, resolve my father that I am his childe; put him in mind of *Phebus* oracle, and leaving me upon the barren Rock; Remember how you came into my bower, and how my servants fill'd your laps with gold; and last remember how by your advice, I made attempt to strike my husband dead, as he was sleeping, do you know me now? Thence grew my misery. *Asti.* Yes fool, and my great heart joyes in thy fall; and father, now I better survey her, my mind gives me this is *Psiche*.

Petr. I am of her thought too, and yet much wonder, how such a beauty should be so deform'd. *Ad.* None shall persuade me to't; she's none of mine that tells me I have any part in her.

Recorders. *Cupid descends.*

Cup. *Admetus* stay, chide thy conceit, it offers wrong unto thy daugh-

daughter *Psiche*. *Psi.* Oh what heavenly tongue will once vouchsafe to sound poor *Psiches* name torn with disgrace, doubly expos'd to shame. *Cup.* *Psiche*, his tongue, whose charge had'st thou obey'd, thy prosperous state had not been so betray'd; nor hadst thou bin a subject to that shame which now attends thee.

Psi. *Cupid*, my dear Lord pardon my guilt, have pity on my sorrow. *Cup.* I cannot, no I dare not, heaven, and earth, the destinies, and all th' Immortal powers, have with the iron pen of Fate, writ down thy certain pain; did I not give thee charge, to taste the pleasures of Immortal love, but not to wade too deep in mystery? Could not my heavenly company suffice to cheer the soul? But thou with earthly eyes
Must see my face; and view my real beauty,
Against my charge, thy love, and humane duty.

Psi. I do intreat. *Cup.* Arise, kneel not to me; but thank thy sisters, they apparrel'd thee
In that distractful shape; *Psiche* fare well,
I'le mourn in heaven, to see thy paines in hell.

Cupid ascends

Ad. Poor miserable childe; in stead of tears my heart weeps blood; I am confounded quite: I have three daughters, thou of all the rest, had'st in my true conceptions greatest share, for which, I call'd thee *Psiche*, that's the soul, for as my soul I lov'd thee; now I abjure all interest in thy birth; hence from my Court. My hand shall nere lay blessing on thy head,
Nor my tongue grace thee with a daughters name,
Thou art not mine, but the base birth of shame.

Psi. Oh whether shall a wretch convert her eyes,
When her own father shall her tears despise?

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Attend *Arcadians*, the Proclamation of the *Paphian* Queen. *Ad.* When *Hermes* speakes, we are bound to all attendance. *Mer.* Oh yes, If any can bring *Psiche* unto *Venus*—

Asti. *Psiche*, whom you are sent to seek, stands there.

Mer. Then here ends *Mercuries* Commission: *Psiche*, in *Venus* name, I do arrest thee, for wrongs to her and *Cupid*. *Psi.* I obey your high arrest, and with an humble suit, prostrate my self to *Citherias* wrath; where's angry *Venus*? *Mer.* Frantick in this

grove,

grove, mourning *Adonis* death,—and here she comes.

Enter Venus.

Ven. Accursed bow, why didst thou not defend him? He shall not die, *Adonis* still shall live; *Apollo*, gentle *Phœbus* mount thy Chariot, and in his cold breast breathe celestial fire, for all earths simples cannot cure his wound; or if he must expire, command the *Muses* to give my Love immortal memory: Hast thou found *Psiche*? oh that in this rage, I could but now forget her.

Mer. See where she stands,
With down-cast eyes, and weak up-heaved hands.

Ven. Just of my height, state, and my proportion; and were her pristine beauty lent her back, might in the rabbles judgement rival me: Strumpet, profaner of out sacred Rights, how hast thou wrong'd me, and abus'd my son? by aiming at my honor and his life. *Psi.* Dread *Paphian Queen*, for lovely *Cupids* sake, and this rich burthen in my wretched womb, pity poor *Psiche*.

Ven. Hast thou plaid the strumpet,
And for thy sins sake; must I pardon thee?
No, that alone hath made me merciless. *Venus beats her.*

Psi. Help me dear father, sisters, *Mercury*. *Ad.* I dare not speak for thee. *Asti.* Nor I. *Per.* Nor I.

Psi. Poor *Psiche*, born unto adversity. *Mer.* Be not so bitter Madam, for his sake by whom you are made a Grandam.

Ven. I prove a Grandam to a strumpets brat? Go *Mercury*, and from some Garner fetch five measures of five several sorts of grain; dispatch it *Hermes*. *Mer.* What will *Venus* do?

Ven. Thou shalt know better when thou back return'st.

Exit Mercury.

You are young *Venus*, and the *Queen* of Love, that had th'ambition to be *Cupids* wife, and marry with a god; Ho *Boreas*, since *Mercury* is slack in his return, wind her enticing locks about thy arm, and tossing her loose carcase in the air, fling it into the bosom of some storm, and grind her bones to powder in the fall.

Psi. Pity me Venus; father plead for me.

Enter Mercury with Grain.

Ven. 'Tis well done *Hermes*, hast thou brought the Grain?

Mer. I have. *Ven.* Then minion, here's your task,
Look on all these; see, thus I mingle them.

Psi.

Ps. And what must miserable *Psiche* do?

Ven. To several heaps, with thine own hands divide each several seed ere the Sun kils the West,
Or look for death; go, and when that is done,
Ile ride to *Paphos*, and enlarge my son,
Whom yet I keep close prisoner in my closes. *Exit.*

Ad. *Psiche* adieu, none can reverse thy doom. *Asti.* Not I:

Mens. Nor we. *Exit allbut Mer. and Psiche.*

Ps. I wish the earth my tomb.

Mer. Take patience *Psiche*, and be comforted.

Ps. Comfort, alas what comfort can she finde,
Whose father and dear friends prove so unkinde?

Mer. For *Cupids* sake, who for thy love, now wears a pair of golden shackles on his heels: This *Mercury* will do, flie hence to *Paphos*, and fetch him from his late imprisonment, then tell him of his Mothers tyranny,
That done, we two will teach thee, without pain,
In several heaps how to divide this Grain. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mia. and Apulcius.

Mi. And where have I been thinkst thou *Apuleius*, didst thou not miss me? *Ap.* Yes, I did not sleep as thou didst in thy judgements. *Mi.* Then I perceive, thou knowst how I maintain'd our rural musick, preferring it before *Apollos* Harp.

Ap. Yes, and by that infer, thou art all earthly, nothing celestial in thee. *Mi.* All's one for that; now for your moral.

Ap. Wilt thou stay it out? *Mi.* No, 'tis too dull, unless thou it quicken me with some conceit: thy *Psiches* sadness hath made me so heavy, that *Morpheus* steals upon me.

Ap. What wouldst thou see? *Mi.* Thy little *Cupid* I like prarty well, and would see something else what he can do, more then belongs to *Psiche*.

Ap. Well, to keep thee awake, Ile shew thee now *Loves Contrarieties*, which was more than my promise.

A DANCE.

Enter a King and a Beggar, a Young man and an Old man, a Lean man, a Fat woman. Dance and Exit.

Mi. I marry, this was somewhat like indeed: here's yong and old, here's fat and lean, the beggar and the King: Love hath power

over

over all? But to your moral now: why comes your *Psiche* with a sharp Rasor, and a burning Lamp, to murther *Cupid*; then he awakes & chases, and flings the house out at windows, was't not so?

Ap. Ile tell thee: she charm'd by her sisters tongues, thinks her fair Love a serpent, and grown mad, would murther *Cupid*, care even *Jove* from heaven; yet note the greatness of Celestial mercy! one glimpse, one lamp, one spark, one divine thought, plucks back her arm, and more inflames her brest with amorous raptures, but because poor soul, she aim'd to search forbidden mysteries, her eyes are blasted, *Cupid* loaths her sight, he leaves her ugly, and his blessed Bower

Is rent in pieces; For Heaven seems to fall,
When our poor souls turn diabolical.

Mi. For that 'twixt *Pan* and *Phœbus*, I know best, for I was there an Umpire: But resolve me, why left he *Psiche* when she lost his love, yet mourn'd when she was left of all her friends?

Ap. All bid the wretched soul run to despair,
When leprous sin deforms her; but even then,
When the gods hate her, when she's scorn'd of men,
Cupid hangs in the ayr, his divine eyes
Shed tears for her, comforts her miseries.

Mi. Yet he forsook her too.

Ap. Till *Psiche* be made fair, and Angel-white,
She's not to stand in *Cupids* glorious sight.

Mi. Well, I am answer'd. *Ap.* For thy part *Midas*,
Laugh, sleep, or flout, nay snarl, and cavel too,
Which none of these here met I hope will do. *Exeunt*

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vulcan.

Vul. WIthin here, ho *Pyracmon*, when you knave? take in *Adonis* quiver, and his bow, and hang them up in *Venus* armory by *Mars* his gantlet, and *Achilles* sword: ha, ha, ha, I laugh untill my sides be sore, for joy that my wives dandiprat is dead; and now my Ciclops lay't on lustily; there's half a hundred thunder-bolts bespoke, which argues that the world is full of sin: *Neptune* hath broke his Mace, and *Juno* Coach must

be

be new mended, and the hind-most wheels must have two spoaks set in: *Thebus* fore-horse must have two new shooes, calk'd, and one remove: *Paris* Sheep-hook must be mended shortly too, Plie it of all hands, we have much to do.

1. *Ciclop from within.*

Ci. Master, here's one of *Ceres* husband-men would have a Plough-share, and a Sythe new ground. *Vul.* New ground, new halter'd, he shall stay his turn; we shall deceive the gods and goddesses, for a plow-jogging hinde. 2 *Ci.* Here's *Mercury* to have his Caduces mended. *Vul.* He shall stay.

3 *Ci.* Here's *Ganimed*, to have his masters hunting-nagg new shod; and *Mars* his tackle, with a broken gorget.

4 *Ci.* And here's a clown for hob-nailes.

Vul. Here's the devil and all; what would they have me do? I toyl and moyl worse than a milk-horse, scarce have kept a minute this fortnight, and odde days; I have not time to sit and eat; But I'le give over all, and live upon my wife as others do; they say she hath good talkings; e're I'le endure it, I will do any thing; when I was made a Smith, would I had been a Bear-ward. 4. *Ci.* What shall we do first?

Vul. Why first go hang your selves: I keep a dozen Journey-men at least, besides my *Ciclops* and my Prentises, yet 'twill not fadge: I think my little boy *Cupid* must blow the bellowes, and my Wife *Venus* must leave her trade, and turn she-smith, yet 't would scarce quit the cost; she'd spend me more in Nectar and sweet-balls to scowre her cheeks, smudg'd and besmear'd with cole-dust & with smoak, but soft, what shackled run-away is this?

Enter Cupid in Fetters.

Why how now *Cupid*?

Cup. Crawling softly to you,
You are my dad, and I am come to see you.

Vul. How came you out of credit with your Mother?

Cup. Ask me how I crept into credit rather,
For do you see sir; thus the matter stands,
I am indebted, and thus enter'd bands
To be forth-coming. *Vul.* Y'are a yong whore-master; about your wench, I have heard all; but where's your mother now?

now? *Cup.* Binding up *Mirtles* for *Adonis* Tombe, whom she hath now turn'd to a Hiacinth? *Vul.* And what's become of *Psiche*, where is she? *Cup.* I parted but even now with *Mercury*, who told me that my mother had enjoyn'd her to pare five measures of commixed grain into five heaps, which seem'd impossible; but he and I sent forth the toyling Ants, who like so many earnest labourers, did it with ease, for they were numberless: then with his cunning, having pick'd the lock of *Venus* Closet door, he set me free, and I am come dear father, to intreat, to file off these my bolts. *Vul.* *Cupid* I dare not, *Venus* gave me charge, not to take off thy shackles. *Cup.* Father, sweet Hony-sugar-candy dad, indeed, indeed you shall.

Vul. This cologuing wagg will not be answered; come, set up your leg; *Venus* will sole me by the ears for this.

Cup. No, no, I warrant you.

Enter Psiche with a Viol.

Vul. So, now 'tis done, th'art free, ——but who comes here? she's angry sure, for see how big she looks: what a great breadth she bears, me-thinks a woman becomes no ornaments she wears, so well; As a great-belly, therefore 'tis much pity, They should want things, to make them look so pretty.

Psi. Unhappy *Psiche*, *Venus* most obdure, and never satiate with my endless cares, when by the helps of silly laboring Ants, I had ended the first task, her cruelty binds me to worse disaster.

Cup. Once my love, hadst thou been true to *Cupid*, not the least of all these evils had assaulted thee, and till my mothers anger be appeas'd, I dare do nothing: yet for our first loves sake make me acquainted with thy second task, and as I may, be sure I'll further it.

Psi. Let my lips kiss this earth whereon you tread, in low submission, for her late injunction, transcends all humane possibility; this Viol I must fill at that spring-head, from whence *Cocitus* flows, that fearful stream, which feeds the River *Styx*.

Cup. Be advis'd by me, not far from *Tenarus*, whose barren top is crown'd with clouds of smoak, there lies a mead, oregrown with Osiers, Bryars, and Sicamors, in this *Jovas* Eagle (on whose duskie wings *Ganimed* flew to heaven) obscures himself from Jealous *Junoes* wrath; enquire him out,

Tell him thy grief, and that thou cam'st from me,
From this hard task he will deliver thee.

Psi. Thanks glorious Deity, upon my knees, prest down with this rich burthen of thy love, I beg that you will mediate 'twixt my errours, and your stern mothers wrath. *Cup.* Well get thee gone, 'tis I will front her indignation. *Exit. Psiche.*

Enter Pan and Venus.

Pan. This way he ran with shackles on his heels, and said he would to *Vulcan*: oh but see where he stands cogging with him.

Ven. Now you run-away, you disobedient, thou unhappy wagg, where be the golden fetters I left you bound in?

Cup. True for my good behaviour, but you see
My bands are cancell'd, and your son set free.

Ven. Ile whip you for't, with nettles sleept in wine.

Cup. So you'l nettle me, and I must smart for't; but when your own flames burn, and you desire with him, or him, to glut your appetite, then gentle *Cupid*, then, my pretty son, my love, my dear, my darling, and what not, till you have had your will.

Ven. With his flattering tongue, he still prevent my anger: but for thee, as crooked is thy manners as thy shape; I thought, great fool, you durst not harbor him.

Vul. No more I did, sweet wife. (he hath done,

Cup. Sweet mother Queen, busse my black dad, for all that
Was love to you, and kindness to your son.

Vul. Speak for me *Pan*, as ere thou hop'st to have thy broken hook well mended. *Pan.* When, canst tell?
I tell thee, I must first have besides that,
A douzen of brand-ing irons to marke my flocke,
(the time draws near, sheep-shearing is at hand) besides, two of my Satyrs falling out about a Lamb, one of them burst his horn, it must be tip'd too; thou art well acquainted with tipping horns.

Vul. Ha horns, with horns, how's that? *Pan.* Nay ask your Wife, I cannot speak for horns, but still you take the last word to your self,
For *Venus* makes, and *Vulcan* wears,
And *Vulcan* takes, and *Venus* bears.

Vul. Vulcan wear horns? *Ven.* No sweet heart you mistake,
Pan is the forked god, with horns was born,
And ever since, his tongue runs of the horn.

Pan.

Pan. Speak, shall I have my Sheep-hook, and those Irons?

Vul. Yes *Pan*, you shall, but yet those horns have struck deep to my heart.

Pan Take heed they grow not upward to your head,
And tipping horns, your brows wears horns indeed.

Enter Psiche.

But who comes here? *Vulcan* is this your wench? Th'adst best look to him *Venus*. *Ps.* Like your obedient servant, that lais down her life and labour at her Mistris feet, so comes poor *Psiche*, held between the arms of fear and duty; fear disheartning me, would pluck me back, but duty being more strong, bids me go forward, bending my weak knee before the Shrine of sacred Majesty; Accept my service, who to gain your grace,
Would yield my self to a fine death's imbrace.

Ven. Is this that water of th'Infernal lake?

Ps. This is that water whose infectious torrent
Runs from *Cocitus*, into *Phlegiton*,
Infernal *Styx*, and the black *Acheron*,
dear goddess. *Ven.* Art thou not a fawning counterfeit? first I imploy'd thee to divide my grain, a task impossible for mortal hands, this second as more hard, and yet 'tis done;
Then work't by sorcery, but no damn'd spell
Shall keep me from my wrath, thy soul from hell.

Vul. Venus, sweet mouse, nay prethee do not chide, forgive, as I forgive thee. *Ven.* Polt-foot, peace.

Cup. Sweet mother, let your ire be mollified,
Since for her fault she hath endur'd this pain,
Banish all hate, and make her blest again.

Ven. Again I charge thee not to speak for her: once more I try thee further, since thy heart is wedded to such hellish sorcery; bye to *Proserpina*, the black-brow'd Queen, I send thee on my embassie to hell, tell her that sickness, with her shy hand, hath swept away the beauty from my cheeks, and I desire her send me some of hers; fetch me a box of beauty then from hell,
That's thy last labour, urge not a reply,
Do my command and live, refuse, and die.

Cup. For my sake, my best Mother, pity her. *Ven.* For this I hate her, and for her hate thee. *Pan.* Nay gentle *Venus*, be more

more merciful, for her great bellies sake.

Ven. For that alone,
Ile hate you all, till she be fled and gone.

Psy. Then go I must, and going neve return;
Oh *Cupid* my inconstancy to thee,
Is cause of this my endless misery.

Cup. Withdraw thee *Psiche*, till the rest be gone, and Ile speak with thee. *Exit, Psiche.*

Enter Mercury.

Mer. *Venus*, *Vulcan*, *Cupid*, and god *Pan*,
I summon you to appear at *Ceres* plain.
To entertain the fair *Proserpine*,
For whom I now am sent, I must to hell
About *Joves* embassie, *Venus* farewel. *Exit.*

Ven *Hermes* farewel, we'l meet at *Ceres* plenteous Court; come *Cupid*, follow me. *Pan.* *Vulcan* cannot go.

Ven. Yes, but 'tis best to keep behind a shrew.

Pan. Then put her in before, on *Venus*, go. *Exit. all but Cup.*

Cup. *Psiche* approach, but do not come too near,
That pride thou hast already bought too dear.

Enter Psiche.

Psy. Oh pity *Psiche*, she is sent to hell

Cup. It is the sound of hell wakes pities eye,
Else I had left thee to more misery;
my loves not done, though thou art quite undone, unless I arm thee 'gainst the darts of death, which hell aimes at thee.

Psy. Let thy sacred breath ——

Cup. Wound me no more with words, for they but grieve me;
Now marke what on thy Journy must relieve thee:
first, hye thee to the banks of *Acheron*, thou can'st not miss the way, 'tis broad and worn with trampling of ten thousand passengers, there shalt thou find hells churlish Ferry-man, his name is *Charon*, there's to pay his hire,
Take heed thou lose it not, for doing so,
He l beat, and leave thee on the shore of woe;
Being ferried over, thou shalt spie hell gates,
Thou need'st not knocke, they are open night and day,
Give *Cerberus* a sop, and pass away.

Psy.

Psi. And what's that *Cerberus*? *Cup.* Porter of hell, who must at thy return be brib'd again; my great desire to help thee, hinders thee, I should have told thee when in *Charons* barge, thou art wafting ore the dreadful waves of *Stix*, an aged man, with a pale countenance, his name's *Oblivion*, swimming in the flood, will heave his wither'd arms, and cry help, help, save me from drowning; stretch not forth thy hand,
For if thou dost, thou nere return'st to shore,
Thou wilt forget my love, see me no more.

Psi. Ile stop my ears against *Oblivions* cry. *Cup* Being landed, thou shalt see old wrinkled hagges spinning black threds, whilst folly reels them up; he will let fall his reel, and pray thee reach it, but stoop not; they will likewise beckon thee
To sit down by them; but to spin a thred,
Take heed, doing so, from me thou art banished.

Psi. Ile shun their baits. *Cup.* Being enter'd *Plutos* Court, they all will tice thee with a thousand trains, shun all, and neither sit nor eat with them, onely deliver what thou art enjoyn'd, receive the box of beauty, and be gone,
Which still keep shut, let not thy daring eye
Behold the wealth that in the box doth lie.

Psi. Dread *Cupid*——— *Cup.* Now farewel, hadst thou but obey'd me,
Thy face had still been lovely, and mine eye
Doated on thee with heavenly Jealousie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown *and* Swains.

1 *Swa.* And what dost thou think of *Cupid* now?

Clow. Do not think I am so stupid,
But to think well of great god *Cupid.*

2 *Swa.* And what of Poets? *Clow.* As Poets, as of Potentates, for since I plaid the last prize against *Phœbus*, in which I may say of my self, *veni, vidi vici*, I have been so troubled with a Poetical itch, that I can scratch you out Rimes, and Ballats, Songs, and Sonnets, Odes, and Madrigals, till they bleed again.

1 *Swa.* Then thou art reconcil'd to *Homer.*

Clow. *Homer* was honourable, *Hesiod* Heroical, *Virgil* a Vicegerent, *Naso* Notorious, *Martial* a Provost, *Juvinal*, a Jovial lad, and *Persius* a Paramount; what do I think of Poetry? of which my self am a profest member. 2 *Swa.*

2 *Swa.* And may be very well spar'd, and yet the body never the worse, but thou mayst see what becomes of railing against Cupid, what a sweet Mistris he hath put upon thee? *Clo.* Who, my *Amarillis?* 1 *Swa.* Yes, the veriest dowdy in all *Arcad a* even Mopsa compar'd with her, shews like a Madam; first she's old—

Clo. It was very well said, to say first, because she was before us, and for old, is not age reverend? and therefore in mine eyes she's honourable. 1 *Swa.* And wrinkled.

Clo. Is't not the fashion; do not our Gentles wear their hair crisped, the Nimphs their browes pleated, and the Fawns their stockings, for the more grace, wrinkled; doth not the earth shew well when 'tis plowed, and the Land best when it lyes in furrows?

1 *Swa.* Besides, she hath a horrible long nose.

Clo. That's to defend her lips, but thou sinner to sence, and renegade to reason, do'st thou blame length in any thing? do'st thou not wish thy life long, and know'st thou not that truth comes out at length; When all our joyes are gone and past, doth not Long look'd for, come at last? If any of our Nimphs be wrong'd, will she not say, 'tis Long of me, 'tis Long of thee, or Long of him; If they buy any comodity by the yard, do they not wish it long: your advocate wishes to have a Law-suit hang long; And the poor client, be his cloak never so short, and thred-bare, yet would be gald to wear it longer.

No married man, but doth his wife much wrong,
Tho' he himself be short, to have nothing long.

2 *Swa.* The short and the long on't is, she's an ugly creature, make of her what thou can'st. *Clo.* Make of her what I can; oh that all, or any of you could like me, look upon her with the eye of Poetry, I would then let you know what I have made of her. 1 *Swa.* Prethee let's hear't

Clo. Then listen hither, oh you Imps of Ignorance;

Oh tell me, have you ever seen,
Since you were born unto this day
Which is long since a wit so green,
And cover'd with a head so gray?
To praise her still my muses will it,
Although therein I have no cunning,
For is the nose of Amarillis
Like to a cock, long, and still running
Her eyes though dimme, do seem cleer,
And they of Rhesme can well dispose,
The one doth blinke, the other bleer,
In Pearl-drops striving with her Nose.
Her breasts are like two beds of blisse,
Or rather like two lean-Cowes udders
Which shews that she no change-ling is
Because they say such were her mothers

Those

Those few teeth left her in her head
Now stand like hedg-stakes in her gums
Full of white Dandriff in her head,
She puts the Cobler down for thums.

Her sides being long, her belly lanky,
And of her legges what should I say,
But that she feels well in the flanky,
And both her feet, themselves display.

1 *Swa.* All the *Homers* in *Asia* could never have come so neer the business.

Cla. From head to foot, for her stature and yeers, pattern her in all *Arcadia*; say she be a foul beast in your eyes, yet she is my *Hyren*; and shewing foul to others, and fair to me, I shall live the happier, and she the honester, but I have a remedy against all this, in spight of *Cupid*. 1 *Swa.* What's that?

Cla. I hear *Psiche* his Mistris, is sent to hell for a box of beauty, 'tis but way-laying of her, and taking it from her, then *Amarillis* shall compare with any other she that dare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Midas and Apulejus.

Mi. This last I lik't, and had it all been such, onely a meer discourse 'twixt Swaines and Clowns, it then had pleas'd me; now some quaint device, some kick-shaw or other to keep me waking.

Ap. Then by the leave of these spectators here, I'le suite me to thy low capacity;
Of *Vulcans* Ciclops Ile so much intreat,
That thou shalt see them on their Anvise beat;
'Tis musick fitting thee, for who but knowes,
The vulgar are best pleas'd with noyse and showes?

A Dance of Vulcan and his Ciclops.

Mi. Well, this I like: now let me know the cream of this conceit; why grain? Why measures? Why the number five? Your moral fit for that. *Ap.* number five, our *Sences* doth include, those several grains our several sorts of sins, which like those seeds, to count, are infinite; and so commixt, that to distinguish them, it much transcends humane capacitie.

Mid. And then those Ants, what didst thou mean by them?

Ap. By those are meant our recollections, and Laborinths, still busied in the search of what hath past, and were it possible, by drawing them into their former heaps, to pay to each, indebted penitence; but all in vain, for this can never bee without true Love, guided by *Mercury*:
But for my Scoane, how do'st thou relish that?

Mid.

Mid. As ribble, rabble, and I know not what;
A Viol must be fill'd with stigian drops, and that an Eagle must *Psiche* fetch; and all this, to what purpose?

Ap. What to thee, and such like drones, seems to bee most absurd, is to the wise, perspicuous and most plain; When *Psiche* hath transgressed, and her offence (almost past pardon) merits *Cupids* wrath, then woes like waves, follow each others neck, then must she fetch a glass of stigian water, a Violl fill'd with true repentant tears,
And that she cannot fill, nor fetch from thence,
But by the Eagles help, Heavens providence.

Mid. But for her voyage into Hell; can'st make mee believe, that once there, she can come from thence?

Ap. Can'st thou be silent, and but apprehend thou now behold'st her sit in *Charons* boat? *Oblivion* reaching up his wretched hands, to crave her help, and then by folly wooed, next by the Idle sisters; these things past, entring Hell gates, whither thy imagination may bring her, howsoever Gentlemen, I hope you will that better understand;
Wee'l but affright her with Hells Court, and then,
On your wing'd thoughts bring her to earth agen. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Enter Pluto, Proserpine. Minos, Eacus, Rhadamant, Charon, Cerberus and Mercury.

Plu. FAir *Mayas* Son, declare your embassie? *Mer.* Wheat-crowned *Ceres*, harvest Soveraign. And mother to the fair *Proserpine*, sends greeting to her Son, hells awful King, letting him know, this day *Latonas* Son enters the first house of his Zodiack, and with his guilt beames welcomes in the Spring; this day the Virgins of *Sicilia*, old wives, young Children, Souldiers, Citizens, Princes and Prelates, on *Cissephus* banks, are gathered in well-order'd multitudes, dancing in *Choruses*, singing mirthfull layes, such as *Iambe Megamiras* maid sung, when she mourn'd her Daughters ravishment: this day hath *Ceres* call'd a Sessions, where *Proserpine* must be; but e're she leave the black Imperial Throne of this low world, *Psiche* the Daughter to th'

Arca-

Arcadian King, muſt do a meſſage to her Deity. *Pro.* We know th'intent of that great influence, with all the purpoſe of the *Paphian* Queen, ſhe means proud *Pſiche* never ſhall return, and we will keep her; *Charon* fetch her ore.

Cha. Shee's come al'eady. *Mino.* Then conduct her in.

Cha. Hell's full enough of ſhrewes; if ſhe be fair,
I know ſhe's curſt, pray let her tarry there,
A curſt queanes tongue, the very feinds ſtill fear.

Plu. Fetch her I ſay, *Venus* ſhall be reveng'd.

Eac. Go *Charon*, wait upon him *Cerberus*.

Mino. If ſhe perform the cuſtoms of our Court, being ſent on meſſage from ſupernal powers, we can then with no juſtice keep her here. *Rha.* True *Minos*, 'tis the law of hell and Fate; yet *Cerberus* and *Charon*, get you gone, till *Pſiche* that hells king, and *Proſerpine* with *Minos* bench'd, *Eachus* and *Radamant* upon their black tribunals, ſends for her;
You *Furies* with your envious eyes attend,
Leſt *Pſiche* 'gainſt our cuſtomes ſhall offend.

Cha. Come *Cerberus*, come hags, fetch *Pſiche* in. *Cer.* Yes, and for all her ſtains and leproſie, methinks I now could eat her. *Exit.*

Mer. *Pſiche* is well inſtructed *Rhadamant*, her husband *Cupid* gave her certain rules, for her uncertain journey.

Enter Charon, Cerberus, and Pſiche.

All. Here ſhe comes. *Cer.* My ſop, haſt thou thy naulum Ferryman? *Cha.* I have. *Plu.* *Pſiche* ſtand forth, my poor ſoul, tremble not. *Minos.* How came this woman over *Acheron*?
Reach'd ſhe not hand to help *Oblivion*?

Cha. No, yet the wretch made a pitious cry,
Yet ſhe look'd on him with a ſcornful eye.

Eac. How did ſhe paſs the hags, that ſpun the threds of Idlefolly, in the path of hell? *Cha.* They all deſir'd her help, ſhe deny'd to ſet a finger unto follies thred. *Plu.* She hath done well, why kneel'ſt thou on the ground? *Pſi.* I kneel to *Proſerpine* for I am ſent by ſacred *Venus* for a box of beauty. *Pro.* Fair *Pſiche*, you ſhall have what you deſire, Riſe up, ſit down by us, 'tis much unfit, The wife of *Cupid* on the ground ſhould ſit.

Pſi. Pſiche is *Cupids* out-caſt, and his ſcorn,
And therefore ſits thus low, and thus forlorn.

Plu. Oh thou belov'd of *Love*, be not ſo ſad; furniſh a Ban-

quet, let our couſen taſte the delicates that grow in theſe dark groves. *Proſ.* Art thou not faint? *A Banquet ſet forth.*

Pſi. Yes, wonderous faint and weary, faint through the want of food, with toyle of my un-number'd ſteps, faint through the terror that on each ſide affrights me, faint and weary with bearing this poor burthen in my womb;

Cupid, thy words are true, thou didſt foretel,
My pride on earth, ſhould work my plagues in hell.

Plu. Refreſh thy ſelf then, taſte our delicates.

Pſi. I dare not touch them. *Rha.* Thou haſt a ſop, eat that.

Pſi. It is not mine, it is your Porters fee.

Cer. Give it me then. *Pſi.* Anon I will, at my return from hence; In the mean time, ſacred *Proſerpina*, by all the teares your grieved mother ſhed, when you were ſtole from *Piſmaes* flowry bank, let *Pſiche* be diſpatched to *Cipria*,
Leſt the incenſed goddeſs do ſome wrong
To her poor ſervant, if ſhe ſtay too long.

Plu. Will ſhe not ſit? Scornes ſhe to take our food? Give her ſome wine. *Cha.* Here girl, drink to hells King.

Pſi. Give me cold water from the murmuring ſpring?

Plu. I am ſoul-vext, that any mortal eye ſhould ſee our Cuſtoms, and return alive, to blab them to the wide ear of the world: But *Proſerpine*, having perform'd all rights, we muſt not here detain her; ſend her hence.

Proſ. My envy equals yours, but all in vain; *Pſiche* receive this Box from *Proſerpine*, wherein Celeſtial beauty is inclos'd, but on thy life, dare not to look into't, as thou reſpect'ſt thy ſafety.

Pſi. I receive it, and humbly begging to dread *Plutoes Queen*, intreat to be diſmiſs'd this fearful Court.

Plu. Charon, convey her back. *Cha.* My Ferry-money.

Cer. My ſop. *Pſi.* Both's here. *Exit Cha. and Cer. with Pſiche*

Plu. Pſiche is worthy to be *Cupids* wife, and *Proſerpine*, remember her to *Venus*, make interceſſion that the Queen of Love no longer prove th'ungentle ſtep-mother.

Mer. Pluto, when *Pſiche* hath perform'd her task, my ſiſter will no doubt be reconcil'd; *Cupid* preſented a petition to *Jove*, and all the Senate of the gods, to take from her, her baſe deformity, the gods agreed, and *Venus* too was pleas'd, at her return from hell it ſhould be done.

Plu.

Plu. Here *Hermes*, take my Queen *Proserpina*, return her when the sister of the Sun hath six times compassed her silver sphere; Commend me to my mother, great *Joves* wife, my sister *Pallas*, and to all the gods:
So farewel *Plutoes* joy, all hell shall mourn
With hideous cryes till my fair Love return. *Exeunt.*

Hideous Musick.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Many a long look have my watchful eyes,
Sent out to meet with *Psiche*, here she comes, *Enter Psiche.*
And in her hand the box, *Cupid* stand close,
And over-hear the sum of her discourse.

Enter Clown.

Clo. This is she, I know her by her marter'd face; *Venus* did well to send her for beauty, for poor soul she hath need on't, I have dogg'd her, to see if I could finde her at any advantage, to steal away her box; I have already got Love from *Cupid*, I have got Poetry from *Apollo*, and if I could now get Beauty from *Psiche*, *Phaon* the fair Ferry-man, was never so famous in *Sicilia*, as I *Coridon* shall be in *Arcadia*.

Psi. You trayterous thoughts, no more assault me thus, my lovely *Cupid* charg'd me not to see what *Proserpine* sent *Venus* in this box, the like command did hells Queen lay on me, oh heaven, yet I shall die except I do't.

Cup. I *Psiche*, what still in your longing vain?

Clo. That's it, nay I shall know't, if I see't again.

Psi. It's beauty *Psiche*, and Celestial,
And thou art ugly, this will make thee shine,
And change this earthly form to shape divine;
Open it boldly, but I shall offend:
Why say I do, 'tis but the breach of duty,
And who'll not venture to get heavenly beauty?
Rich beauty, ever fresh, never decaying,
Which lies entombed in this heavenly shrine;
Not in this bold attempt think me profane,
Striving thus spotted, to be free from stain.

She opens the Box, and falls asleep.

Clo. Nay I thought I should take you napping,
And thou shalt go with me; for 'tis my duty,

My Mistriss being a blowse, to finde her beauty.

Cupid charms him asleep.

Cup. To make thee lovely in thy Mistriss eyes,
Make use of that, and boast of thy rich prize.

Cupid lays a counterfeit Box by him.

But foolish Girl, alas why blame I thee, when all thy Sex is guilty of like pride, and ever was? but where's this beauty now? turn'd into slumbers, and like watery pearls of honey-tasting dew hangs on these lids: she wakes again, I have swept off the slumber That hung so heavy on those spotted covers,
Which once clos'd in, the sight of all true Lovers.

Psi. Where am I now? Dread *Cupid* pardon me.

Cup. Come rise, and wipe away these fruitless tears;
Take up the box, and hie thee to my Mother.

Psi. Shee'l kill me for the beauty I have lost.

Cup. Tush fool, I gather'd it from thy clos'd eyes,
Where in the shape of slumber it did rest:
Be comforted, *Cupids* white hand shall cleare
This black deformity, and thou shalt ride
In *Venus* Chariot, and be deifi'd;
I thought to chide too bad, but 't will not be,
True Love can but a while look bitterly.
Awake thou too, the treasure there inclos'd,
Rifle at will, but see it well dispos'd. *Exit.*

Clow. Where am I? nay, where is she? I no sooner cast mine eye upon the box, to say here 'tis, but I was asleep before a man could say, what's this, what's this said I: Rejoyce all mortals that wear smocks, for I have found rich beauties box: I was before but a man made, but I am now a very made man; and when 'tis known I am possess'd of this rich treasure, both Young and Old, Short and Tall, Tag and Rag, Witch and Hag, Crone and Beldam, who though they come abroad but seldom, will crawl upon Crutches to finde out me; But come as many as will, and as fast as can, by their favors, my *Amarillis* shall be first serv'd; and not first neither, am I in possession my self, and shall not I be the white boy of *Arcadia*? *Adonis* is dead, and shall not I be *Venus* sweet-heart?

Come Box of Beauty, and for white and red, *The box is full of ugly painting.*
Put down *Joves* Page, the smooth-fac'd *Ganimed*;

Dawb

Dawb on, dawb on, as thick as thou canst lay on,
Till thou exceed the Ferry-man call'd *Phaon*:
Cupid compar'd with me, shall be a toy,
And look but like the Sign of the *Black Boy*;
My face shall shine just as my hand disposes,
In one cheek Ile paint Lillies, in t'other Roses,
Till all that this my visage gaze upon,
Say, there, there goes the fair-fac'd *Coridon*. *Enter Swains.*

1 *Swa.* Where is *Coridon*, *Hymen* stays, and *Amarillis* attends, the Bride is ready, but no Bridegroom to be found.

Clo. I do not think the Clowns will know me when they see me, *Colin*, *Dickon*, *Hobinal*, and how is't? how is't?

2 *Swa.* Ha, ha, ha, very scurvily methinks, is this *Coridon*?

Clo. Nay, if my face in Swains breed such delight,
What will the Nimphs do when they come in sight?

3 *Swa.* O monstrous *Coridon*! how cam'st thou thus chang'd?

Clo. Chang'd, I hope so, I have not travell'd thus far for nothing: speak you mortals, doth not my brow relent? shines not my nose, springs not here a Lilly, there a Rose?

2 *Swa.* A Rose, a Lilly? a blew bottle, and a canker-flower, what is that upon thy face?

Clo. Beauty boys, beauty.

2 *Swa.* Beauty dost call it, I prithee from whence came it?

Clo. Marry from hell.

2 *Swa.* From hell, I believe so; for it hath made thee look like a devil already.

Clo. Go shear your sheep, make money of your wooll,
Sell all your Lambs, and make your purses full,
And then, if on the price we can agree,
Ile fit you all, and make you look like me.

2 *Swa.* Like thee, I'd rather see thee hang'd: dost thou think we mean to wear Vizors?

Clo. This 'tis to be meer mortals, and have no addition of learning or travel; their dull eyes cannot judge of Celestial beauty: but where's my *Amarillis*, and the god of marriage *Hymen*?

1 *Swa.* They both stay for thee in *Venus* temple, but I hope thou'lt not be married to her in this pickle?

Clo. Will I not, yes, and dazel all their eyes that shall look on me, especially my *Amarillis*, and she must needs have some part of my theft, all is not gone, something for her is left:
Lead on, lead on, this day you shall be my men,
And thus in pomp will we go meet with *Hymen*:

And *Dicken*, if anon thou wilt be sinful,
To drink with me, I will give thee thy skinful:
If there be any here, I speak it out of duty,
Desire any complexion from my Box of Beauty,
This night I am busie, let him come to morrow,
They shall have store, if they will buy or borrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Phœbus Pan, Vulcan, Venus, Admetus, Asti che, Perrea, Mercurius, and Zelotes.

Ven. By this I know that Minks is come from hell, and here she harbors; but *Arcadian* King deliver her, or by our dreadful frown, He spoil thy Courts, and cast thy temples down; conceal her longer, not the god interests shall guard her from the death my rage intends. *Ad* Dread Queen of *Paphos*, she remains not here, nor think that I abet her, though my childe, against your wrath, or power. Nay, did she sojourn in any place where I have free command, I'd cause her to be fetcht thence instantly, and as your slave and vassal render her. *Ven.* If she be safe return'd from *Proserpine*, she must be pardon'd, and become divine; but to conceal her being, and keep back the present scene, keeps but her future wrack. *Apol.* If ever in fair *Venus* Fluid power, or grac'd her Summer pastimes with my beams, at length with commiserating eye, look on distressed *Psiche*. *Vul.* Do good wife, use her with all the favour thou canst think, Connive at her, as I at thy faults wink. *Pan* And *Pan* protests by *Cannaes* nut brown hair, the fairest Nimph since *Sirinx*, I ere saw: Be friends with her, my *Satyrs* all shall play, and I with them make this a holiday.

Enter Mercury and Proserpine.

Mer. To all these gods, to *Venus* and this train Health from the Son of *Saturn*, and Queen *Ceres*. *Ven.* Welcome, what would the messenger of *Jove* to us, or these? *Mer. Pan*, *Vulcan*, and your self, with *Phœbus*, and the great *Arcadian* King, must be this day at *Ceres* Sowing-feast, unto which Annual meeting, see fair *Proserpine* is come from *Pluto's* Court. *Ven.* Welcome fair Queen. *Apol.* Welcome fair sister from the vaults below, we two are Twins, of fair *Latona* born, and were together nurst in *Delos* Ile: you guide the night, as I direct the day, darkness and light betwixt us we divide, not square, but in our mutual Orbs agree, unless you move just twixt the earth and me, for then you eclipse my lustre. *Vul.* Cousin Queen, I am even moon sick, and

and half merry mad, for joy of thy arival. *Pan.* By our creeds we should be Cousins, for we both are horn'd, and *Vulcan* of our kin too, but sweet goddess, now I bethink me of th' *Arcadian* Nimphs, I am bound to thee for many a pretty sight, And much good sport I have had by thy moon light. *Prof.* To give you meeting, I am come from hell. *Ven.* Saw you not *Psiche* there? *Prof.* Loves queen I did, hither she comes with *Cupid* hand in hand,

Her leprousie, through labour, is made clear,
And beauteous in your eyes she'l now appear.

Enter Cupid and Psiche.

Cup Celestial Sea-born Queen, I here present you my *Psiche*, who hath satisfi'd your will: Deliver her, fair Love, from *Proserpine*, the Box of Beauty, endless and divine. *Psi.* Guided by *Love*, Lord of my life and hope, I come undaunted to your gracious sight, hoping my sufferance hath out-worn his wrath.

Ven. She hath scap'd hell, and now the task is done, and I still crost by a disobedient son, but tell how this Leoper came thus fair?

Cup. At my intreat it was, 'mongst all the gods I claim'd her for my Wife, who taking a joynt pity of her wrongs, gave their consent, and then great *Jove* himself call'd for a Cup of Immortality, drank part to her, and *Psiche* quaff't the rest, at which, deformity forsook her quite, and she made fair, and then proclaim'd my Bride, *Jove* vowing she should now be deifi'd.

Ven. I see I cannot conquer Destiny,
By Fate she first was thine, I give her thee.

Mer. Now *Psiche*, you must see your sisters judg'd, unstaid *Petrea*, and unkind *Asiesthe*, *Admetus*, you must be their sentencer.

Asi. Husband, your knees. *Petr.* My dear Lord plead for us.

Asi. Will neither, yet Father. *Ad.* Wretches peace, *Psiche* by you was torne from her delight, and rudely rent from *Cupids* Paradice; 'twas you that robb'd her of a fathers love, by your alurements she was sent to hell, and had not divine aid secur'd her thence, poor soul for ever sh'had been there detain'd for which, to endless durance I adjure you;

For merits silver gates are alwaies barr'd
To hearts impenitent and wilfull hard.

Psi. Have pity on them Father, gentle husband, remember not their fraud in tempting me; you gods and goddesses with *Psiche*

joyn,

joyn, to beg their pardons, till you *Arcadians* kneel;
For had they not my happiness envy'd,
My love and patience had not so been try'd.

All. We all will meditate for them. *Ad.* Then Daughters, give your sister *Psiche* thanks, And to her vertues be a servant still, Which makes atonement for your ill. *Both.* We'l henceforth be her hand-maids.

Ven. They shall attend her unto plenties bower, where *Ceres*, Queen of fertility, invites us with the other gods to feast. *Mer.* There *Jove* and *Phœbus* shall lead *Cupids* Queen, to the bright pallace of Eternity; *Bacchus* shall give wine, and *Ganimed* shall crown our full cups with the grapes pure blood; *Ceres* shall yield us all earths delicates, The *Graces* shall bring balm, the *Muses* sing, in *Cupids* honour, loves Immortal King. *Vul.* Vulcan will dance, and sing, and skip, and quaff, And with his smoaky jests make *Cupid* laugh. *Cup.* Such as love me, make me their president, so, thus take fair *Psiche* by the hand, *Mercury* do you the like to *Proserpine*, my mother *Venus* cannot want a mate; in honour of our marriage, match your selves, and with a measure grace our nuptials, but such as do not love to be in motion, view as spectators, how our joy appears, dancing to the sweet musick of the sphears.

A Dance of Cupid, Psiche, the gods and goddesses.

Apol. Now circle *Psiche* in a Fairy ring, whilest I and *Venus* grace her with this Crown; this done, to feast with *Ceres*, and the gods, And next unto the palace of the Sun, to end those sacred Rites we have begun.

Exeunt Midas and Apuleius.

Mi: Is this your moral? This your Poesie? what hast thou done? what spoke, what presented, which I withall these cannot justly taxe? *Ap:* Yes, all like thee th'obtuse and stupid minds, but there's an understanding that hath depth
Beyond thy shallow non-sence; there's a wit,
A brain which thou want'st, I to thee submit.

Mi: And even in that thou fool'st thy self:

Cup: Nay then, I by the favour of these Gentlemen,
Will arbitrate this strife; one seeks to advance
His Art, the other stands for ignorance;
Both hope, and both shall have their merits full,
Here's meed for either, both the ape, and thull,
Pleas'd or displeas'd, this censure I allow;
Keep thou the Asses ears, the Lawrell thou:
If you, judicious, this my doom commend,
Psiche by you shall doubly Crown'd ascend;
And then this Legacy I leave behind,
Where ere you love, prove of one faith, one mind:
The Spring comes on, and *Cupid* doth divine,
Each shall enjoy his best lov'd Valentine,
Which when you have, may you like us agree,
And at your best retirements think on me.

FINIS.